

King JOHN  
AND  
Matilda:  
A  
TRAGEDY.

As it was acted  
At the private House in *Drury-lane*

BY HER

Majesties Servants

With great Applause

Written by

W. DAVEN. Gent.

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## *The Actors Names:*

**K**ing John.

*Oxford,*  
*Chester,*  
*Mowbray,*  
*Hubert,*

*Pandolph* the Pope's Legate.

} Of the King's party.

*Fitzwater,*  
*Old Bruce,*  
*Young Bruce,*  
*Richmond,*  
*Leicester,*

*Brand,* the Jaylor.

} Of the Barons Party.

*Queen Isabel.*

*Matilda,* *Fitzwater's* Daughter.

*Lady Bruce* and her Son.

*The Abbess.*





# King JOHN & MATILDA.

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## Actus 1. Scæna. 1.

Enter King, Queen, and Oxford

King



Hey will not come?

Ox. They will not.

Ki. They had been better—

What was their answer? (faction

Ox. Thus said *Fitzwater*, father of the  
That was General for the Barons against your Majesty,  
Tell John—

Ki. John!

Ox. That was his Epithite;

(Alledging how you stood at *Rome*, put from  
Your Kingly office.) Tell *John*, quoth he, (and frown'd)  
That here at *Baynards* Castle, we intend  
A settled stay for private reformations  
Of conceiv'd injuries, which by the peace  
the King made with us, were not throughly search'd,  
But like green wounds, clos'd with too swift a salve,  
(Upon your private ends) are with more danger  
Doubts and distracted difficulties again  
Broke forth; but having drawn them to a head  
They would send them to you to be ratified,  
And then give their attendance.

King, This is brave;  
Who was there else?

Ox. *Richmond*, imperious *Leister*, and old *Bruce*  
(The second in this revolt,) who sent the same return

## King John and Matilda.

*K.* A host of Rebels to try the truth of these fine florishes,  
You with Lord *Montbray*, post unto *Guilford*,  
And being there, (presending a visit unto *Bruce's Lady*, )  
Wind into observation of the Castle ; so from her,  
( The engine upon which these factions move )  
Discover the intent of their designs,

*Queen.* Sure sir, the Lady is noble ; but your Majesties  
Injunction shall be obey'd. *Exit.* *Enter Chester*

*K.* This not onely advantages  
Our meeting with *Fitzwaters* Daughter,  
( O how the thought startles my blood )  
But likewise furthers our resolv'd proceedings :  
*Chester* the news.

*Chest.* Conceal your self Sir ;  
I have trap't her with a snare.

*K.* Agen, then I shall see her — *Exit.* *Enter Matilda.*

*Ma.* You told me (*Chester*)  
That the *Queen* did earnestly request my attendance :  
You said she was here i'th Garden,  
But it seems you were mis-informed.

*Chest.* Excellent innocence, how art thou trap't !  
I must attend the King, please you walk Madam  
But towards the Grove, I was told the *Queen* and Ladies  
Retired there for shade.

*Mat.* I shall.

*Chest.* And I must vanish. *Exit Chest.* *Enter King.*

*Mat.* Oh heaven ! the King !

*K.* Thy friend.

*Mat.* False *Chester* !

*K.* Fair *Matilda*,

Milke of youth and beauty, sweet as a spring,  
And comely as the holy shining Priest  
Deckt in his glorious Sacerdotal vestment ;  
Yet hear the passions of a love-sick Prince,  
And crown thy too too cruell heart with pitty.

*Mat.* Yet let fall your too too passionate pleadings ;  
And crown your royall heart with excellent reason.

*K.* Hear me.

*Mat.* The *Queen* will heare you.

*K.* Speak

## A Tragedy.

K. Speak but a word that—

Mat. What?

K. That may sound like something,  
That may but busy my strong laboring heart,  
With hope that thou wilt grant, and every morning  
I will walk forth and watch the early Lark,  
And at her sweetest note I will protest,  
Matilda spake a word was like that note.

Mat. Oh how you tempt: remember, pray, your vows  
To my betroth'd Earl, *Robert Huntington*;  
Did you not wish just as the poyson toucht  
His manly heart, if ever you again  
Laid battery to the fair fort of my unvanquish'd  
Vertue, your death might be like his untimely,  
And be poyson'd: Oh take heed Sir,  
Saints stand upon heavens silver battlements,  
When Kings make vows, and lay their  
Listening ears to Princes protestations.

K. So did *Matilda* swear to live and die a maid;  
At which fair Nature like a Snail shrunk back,  
As loath to hear from one so fair, so foul  
A wound: my vow was vain, made without  
Recollection of my reason; and yours, Oh madnesse!  
Maids have sure forsworn such vows:  
For *Huntington*, he like a heap of summers  
Dust into his Grave is swept; and bad vows  
Still are better broke then kept.

Mat. Alas great Sir, your Queen you cannot make me;  
What is it then instructs your tongue? Oa Sir!  
In things not right,  
Lust is but loves well languag'd hypocrite.

K. Words shall convert to deeds then; I am the King.

Mat. Doe but touch me,  
And as I grasp steel in my trembling hand, Offers violence,  
So sure the King shall see *Matilda* fall *she draws a knife*;  
A sacrifice to vertue.

K. Cruell Maid,  
Crueller then the Kid that eanes her young  
On the rough bosome of a ragged flint:



## King John and Matilda

Go get thee to the woods, for thou art wild  
As flame, or winter; where so e're thou walk'st  
May wild winds chide thee, and the reeling Trees  
Like a confus'd fall of many waters  
Rail on thy rudeness, may the birds that build  
Among the wanton branches, instead of teaching  
Notes to their young, sing something like thy niceness;  
And lastly, may the Brooks when thou shalt lie  
And cast a pair of cruell bulie eyes  
Upon their subtil slidings, may the water,  
The troubled image of my passions war learn  
With the stones, the matter of thy heart, that thou maist  
Thy hardnesse and my sufferings to discern;  
And to whilst I (if it be possible) study to forget you,  
My beasts, and birds, and brooks, and trees, and wind,  
Hear me, and call *Matilda* too unkind. Exit.

*Mat.* He unto *Baynards* Castle to my father,  
On she had need of Castles where a King  
Layes such violent seige, but Oh truth,  
Thou art ( whilst tenant in a noble brest,)  
A crown of Christall in an Ivory chest. Exit.

Enter *King* and *Chester*:

*K.* Shall I be dazled with effeminate darings?

*Ches.* With a womans ward, a knife too.

*K.* Here I left her.

*Ch.* But here she is not now sir.

*K.* On *Chester* run, run as thou lov'st my peace,  
Feather thy feet with lovers wishes, let but my desires  
Dwel in thy eyes, thou'lt find her, were she compast  
With a Cimerian mist.

*Ch.* I will do my best sir. Exit

*K.* Thy best; do every thing, do any thing,  
Do all things that may find her. Whither (love)  
Leads thy dark Lab'rinth? cannot Kings be free  
From thy impetuous buffets? I have desin'd  
A hardned heart obdurate to thy shafts,  
And sometimes am so, when in the very minute  
Calling to mind *Matilda's* tears, like drops  
Continued upon marble, they pierce through;

And



# A Tragedy

And I am soft again, Hast found her?

*Ent. Chester*

*Ch.* No sir, she is by this in *Baynards Castle*,  
Where her Father and the Lords---

*K.* Command our Barge, wee'l after her like lightning :  
We must have pledges *Chester* for their faiths, if they refuse.  
Thunder shall meet with thunder, and each eye  
Shall see strange Comets in this troubled skie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Fitzwater, old Bruise, young Bruise, Richmond  
and Leicester, as in Baynards Castle.*

*Fitz.* My noble Lords, and honorable friends,  
Not to particularize ( what need plain dealing  
Be apparelled in particulars? ) to a short supper  
Or a poor pittance rather, ye are all  
Heartily welcome; very heartily, I must tell truth still

*O Br.* Brother we thank you.

*Fitz.* I would we had my sister your wife, at *Guilfordwich* tis...

*Rich.* Where are the Ladies?

*Leif.* Comforting *Matilda*, sad return'd from Court.

*T. Bru.* Betraid by *Chester*, and again escap'd  
Like a chaste Dove out of the fowlers Net,  
The lustfull King.

*Fitz.* Oh *John*, *John* wilt thou never  
Leave thy wags tricks? but let it passe, tis best  
Because indeed tis past.

*Leif.* I wonder how he receiv'd our resolv'd answer.

*T. Bru.* No matter how, he's like to have no other;  
Now by my blood you vext my very soul.  
That you sent any.

*O. Bru.* Sonne, have a tamer spirit.

*T. Bru.* Yes, and like horses:

Be held by th nose by frivolous respect,  
Whilst he casts Copperis into our sores, and searches  
Past honours patience.

*Fitz.* Nephew, Nephew, hear me,  
Lets bear a little; saith he is the King,  
And though at *Rome* he does stand interdicted,  
Yet now and then takes a good start or two  
Towards regularity, till the fit comes on him;  
And for your neat horse-familie observe me,

# King John and Matilda.

*Richmond* and you are young men, we three old,  
But not too old to tell truth, the horse that will not  
Stand still, and endure searching, how e're in summer  
With warmth and pasture, he may strike at flies,  
And play the wanton in a wealthy meadow:  
For all his summer pastime, yet, tis said,  
Winter will leave him but a lean scald jade;  
Come, come, y'ar fooles, y'ar fooles.

*Leif.* Well, let us—bear then.

*T. Bru.* Let us! Oh my blood!  
Besides, our iniuries in his breach of promise  
He made by stains and publique grievances,  
How in the flames of his adulterate heart  
Pursues he my chaste Cousin, by slights gets her  
Within his talion, and but this afternoon,  
( Had not her friendly knife enfranchis'd her )  
Even in the face of heaven, in his own Garden  
He would have ravish'd her.

*O. Bru.* Brother, we are bound in honour not to bear it.

*Leif.* Let him know our griefs, and if—

*Fitz.* Well, well, with ifs and ands

Mad men leave Rocks, and leap into the Sands;  
But something shall be thought on. *Enter Richmond*

*Rich.* The King attended

Onely with the Earl of *Chester*, *Oxford*, and some  
Other Gentlemen, is new landed on the Stairs

*Om.* The King!

*T. Bru.* Shut the Stairs Gate.

*Fitz.* 'Twere better Gate and Stairs

Were floating through bridge; we are safe my cholerick cousin  
As in a Sanctuary; tis enough

( A man would think, ) to see a 'great Prince thus,  
Cause wee'd not go to him, to come to us: *Enter King*

Indeed, indeed, you speake unkindly. *Oxford, Chester*  
*and other Lords.*

*K.* Behold, great Lords,  
The Cedars of the Kingdom, how the King  
( A shrub ) shrinks out of Majesty.  
And comes to you; here's a fine Coventicle,

*Are*

## A Tragedy

Are ye blowing up new fires? and must *Fitzwaters*

( Plain breasted as his unaffected habite, )

Be generall again, again be call'd,

The Marshall of Heavens Army and the Churches?

Are you planet struck! you cannot talke.

*Fitz.* Your Pardon, Sir,

I led the Barons, but 'twas when they could not choose

But choose a Leader, and then me they chose;

And why so think ye? they all lov'd your your Grace,

And grieve, grieve very heartily, I tell you,

To see you by some State-mice so mis-led: (dom,

These State-mice that nibble so upon the Lands impaired free-

That would not so play in the Lyons ear,

But that by tickling him themselves to advantage;

This troubl'd us, and griev'd the body politick,

And this we sought to mend; I tell truth, *John*, I,

We are thy friends, *John*, and if ye take from friendship

The liberty of modest admonition,

Ye leave no mark whereby to distinguish it

From the Fawning passion of a Dog-base flattery;

If I speak plain, this truth be my defence,

A good mans comfort is his Conscience:

And so much for plain *Robin*.

*K.* *Fitzwater*, *Bruce*, *Richmond*, and stubborn *Leister*,

This is the last of our admonitions,

Either lay by those Arms, those lawless Arms,

Which you have lifed 'gainst your Lord the King,

And give such pledges as we shal accept

For settling of your loyalties, or here

By the abused offerings of a King,

And by the unkind scars with which you have

Deform'd the face of *England*; misery

Shall over-take you in a shape shall fright

The Iron heart of faction, and the King

Shall come no more acquainted with compassion,

But call the bloodiest ends a righteous vengeance,

*Leist.* I will not leave mine arms,

Nor break my word to you,

Unless provok'd, and justly; you have my faith,

# King John and Matilda.

If you mis-like that pledge.

*K.* We do.

*Leist.* And I reply that I can spare no other.

*Ches.* D'ee hear, Sir?

*O. Bru.* Already we have pawn'd the now-scorn'd-gage  
Of our afflicted honors, which refus'd  
Flies back again, and so we stand discharg'd.

*Fitz.* King John, King John;  
Perform but the Seal'd Covenants you are fled from,  
The Charter running thus, *Given by our hand*  
*The seventeenth day of June, and in the year*  
215 (the whole Realm being sworn to't,)  
And six and twenty Peers and Barons sworn  
To the execution, who (if you fail) are perjur'd.  
Do this, and (like a plat of Osier wands)  
We shall bow any way, and you shall work us  
Into what fashion you shall fancy; but  
if you be melancholly, love-sick, *John*,  
Or Lyon, unyok'd Heifer, head-strong *John*,  
(As in the matter of the loss of *Normandie*,  
When *Anjou, Brittain, Main, Poitou and Turwin*,  
Were deliver'd up to *Philip*) you'll find your friends  
Not facile Willows, but abrupt brambles,  
Whose intricate irregularity  
Whilst you shall go about to rectifie,  
They'll prick your fingers, and with unkind scratches  
Expose you to a late deplor'd experience:  
Come, come, know this, when love in our side sings,  
The unkindest wounds are those we take from Kings;  
I am plain *Robin*.

*K.* A down-right Rebel.

*Fitz.* Rebel!

*K.* So are ye all.

*Omn.* Rebels!

*K.* Traytors.

*Omn.* Traytors!

*K.* Rebels and Traytors; *Chester, Oxford, Gentlemen*,  
Stand on your Guards, there's danger in the room.

*O. Bru.* You are too passionate, perform with us,

You



# A Tragedy.

You shall walk over us, if not, we stand  
Our injur'd Countries Justicers.

K. Proud boaster.

This night shall raise a storm : Brav'd ! with you *Brace*  
We will begin ; and yet he is the Brother *aside*  
Unto *Matilda's* Father, but his insolence,  
Oh love ; a little while let revenge reign,  
This night shall beget passages shall prove  
Your King a Lyon (vext) as (pleas'd) a Dove. *Exit*

Ox. Lights for the King, there Gentlemen. *Kings party.*

T. Bru. What will you do ? a tempest curl'd his forehead  
Into the fashion of an angry Ocean,  
Made wilde with winds.

Rich. We must resolve on something.

Ol. Bru. And suddenly, for in his executions  
He is swift as lightning, air is not more light.

Leif. *Pandolph* the *Popes* stern Legate, 'tis divulg'd,  
Is again come over from the *Pope*, to proffer  
The King his re-admission into the Church,  
And take off his six years Interdiction  
Upon some propositions yet conceal'd,  
And this may busie the King yet.

T. Bru. This ? the Greyhound  
Is not more eager at his flying game,  
Then I know King *John* is in his passions  
Of love or anger.

Ol. Bru. Why Brother, is this a time to study ?

Fiz. Troth I was thinking of---stay, stay, I hav'e,  
I was thinking brother *Brace*,---now 'tis gone again,  
And farewell it, lets ply our business now :  
If you mark'r, he said he would begin with you ;  
I would have you to night (stay not for the Sun,  
Which sure will rise blushing at this nights brawling)  
Do you and *Richmond*, with some score of men  
Post to your house, 'tis but an hours riding,  
And something more ; there fortifie your selves,  
Your Lady, and your pretty little Son,  
Poor knave he dreams not of these Thunderbolts :  
You my young mad-cap, with your Cuz my daughter,

# King John and Matilda

Shal unto *Hartford* Castle, she is the brand  
I fear will fire our *Troy*; *Leister* and I  
Will gather Powers, and thither after you;  
You two for *Guilford*, you two for *Hartford*,  
And we two, whither was't we two must go?

*Leist.* Go? we two must stay i'ch City.

*Fitz.* Passion of me, where was my memory?  
But come, come, when Kings our Dials retrograde do run,  
We leave to look on them, and go by'ch Sun:  
Lights, lights, good Gentlemen.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Queen, Lady, Bruce, and  
Hubert.*

*Qu.* Good Lady take not on so,  
*Oxford* says all is very well at *London*.

*Lady.* Yes, very well;  
Why then follow'd he your Grace with a Troop of horse,  
A band of men? Why hath he seiz'd the Castle,  
Cashier'd my Servants? Oh Madam can it be!  
Your Grace (the Altar where I ever paid  
A Subjects devout love,) should by a flight,  
A feigned accidental visit make  
An entrance for hostility and terror.

*Qu.* *Hubert*, redeem you now this Ladies faith,  
And relate the truth.

*Hub.* Onely upon mine honour  
Was I sent to seize this Ladies young Son *George*,  
As a pledge to'ch King for her Lords loyaltie.

*Lady.* No *Hubert*, my Son is far enough from thee,  
Thou fatal Keeper of poor Boys.

*Hub.* You mean  
Concerning *Arthur*, the unfortunate Son  
Of *Jeffrey Plantaginet*; Oh mad rumor!  
Who would trust thee but with so much reputation  
An honest beggar boasts of?

*Q.* In that believe me Madam, report hath wronged him;  
Which I can witness Lady.

*Enter King and Chester.*

*Lady.* The King come too;

O my

## A Tragedy.

O my sweet George, my joy, what wilt thou do?

K. All is to our desire; where's *Bruce's* Son?

*Hub.* Convey'd to *Wales* she affirms Sir.

*Lady.* Where thou shalt never see him *John*.

K. Good Madam,

Wee'l speak with you anon. *Queen Isabel*,

Thou must be still an Agent to secure

Me & my Kingdom; straight with the Earl of *Chester*,

Post thou to *Hartford* Castle, whither we are certifi'd

Young *Bruce* is fled with old *Fitzwaters* Daughter,

Try if by fair means thou canst win her to

Attend on thee at Court: If we have not her

A pledge (as this) for her Fathers faith, we stand

The food of faction; get her any way;

If she deny, *Chester* with forces ready,

Off from the Castle, shall give them fierce assault,

And force them past entreaties: Go my Love,

And play the *Amazon*; with her surprisal

Secure a Kingdom.

*Qu.* This craves hast and care; come noble *Chester*,

You shall along: but good my Lord forget not

That Ladies kindness to me.

*King* O, my sweet.

*Kiss.*

*Exit.*

*Hub.* What a fine thing he makes the Queen; Oh lust,  
With what smooth craft thou creep'st to things unjust.

K. Oh my *Astilda*! if power or policy  
May get thee once more in these arms, I will hazard  
Even to a Kingdom for thee: Come Madam, fear not,  
I wear no frowns, I am all mirth, let's see your pretty Son.

*La.* I fear your mirth is like the Porpoise pastimes,  
My Son hath been in *Wales* this month.

K. *Hubert*, see the Gates lock'd, a guard upon the Walls,  
Whilst we take some to search.

*La.* Where will you search King *John*?  
For heavens sake do not search,

*Hub.* Nay, and't be come to that,

*Exit.*

K. Let me go;

In these proceedings the Kings safety rests,  
The Lion must not bend to baser beasts.

*Exit.*

*Lady.*

# King John and Matilda.

*Lz.* Heaven to thee I kneel, who affrighted Mother am,  
Oh from this Lyons claws keep my poor Lamb. *Exit.*

Enter old *Bruce*, and *Richmond*, and above  
*Oxford*.

*Ol Bru.* The Castle Gates are shut, swift footed Tyranny,  
That canst when thou pursu'st thy wilde desires,  
Out-run the wanton Roe; Oh *Richmond*, *Richmond*,  
I fear our stay all night, ha's made me witness  
Of a day darker then night.

*Rich.* Your fears and your afflictions  
Meet in one Center, for it seems the King  
Sent *Oxford* in the night on the walls;  
Behold where *Oxford* stands, I fear they have seiz'd  
Your Son, your Wife and Cattle.

*Ol. Bru.* *Oxford*, thou signe  
Set up to shew me where my sorrows dwell,  
Martyr me not with circumstances; but tell me,  
Is it (as from thy ominous presence there)  
We may conjecture.

*Ox.* Because you request brevity,  
Then by my ominous presence here great Lords  
You conjecture that you come too late.

*Rich.* Let's force our entrance,  
We have twenty men of spirit to dare.

*Ol. Bru.* A score of Cow-ards, *Oxford*,  
Dar'st thou be honorable?

*Ox.* Another time,  
But now I have no leisure, the King is here.

*Rich.* In person?

*Ox.* Yes, and power;  
And if the *Queen* and *Chester* speed as the King has,  
We shall have a pledget too for *Fitzwaters* loyalty,  
And so good day, ye meet the Proverb here,  
Ye both are early up but ne're the near.

*Exit.*

*Rich.* We strongly may conclude from their intelligence  
Of your Son, and fair *Matilda's* flight to *Harisford*,  
Thither the *Queen* and *Chester* are repair'd,

Either



## A Tragedy.

Either by force or policy to obtain her,  
So that the nearest path to our proceedings  
Is to post back to *London*, and to hasten  
Her Father thither with his powers, and so  
Secure your Son, his Daughter, and it may be,  
Surprise the *Queen* and *Chester*.

*O. Bru.* If we do,  
If but a hair of my betrayed wife,  
Or my poor boy do perish, a head royal  
Shall be sent back; slight scratches leave no scars,  
But deep wounds are seeds of Civil wars.

*Exit.*

### Actus 2. Scœna 1.

Enter *King*, *Hubert*, *Lady*, and *Bruce*.

*K.* You would not then produce him,

*Hu.* Think of it Madam,

And for your own discharge, give up your Son.

*La.* I have him not to give.

*K.* We will no more be mock'd, are all the people, *Enter 2.*  
Horses, and Cattel voided forth the Castle? *Souldiers*

*Hu.* All but this Hamper which stood underneath *with a*  
The stairs that led into the Dungeon. *Hamper, the Boy*

*K.* A place suspicious, search it. *in it.*

*La.* Let not rudeness boast, Sir,  
She was born i'th presence of a Prince.

*Hub.* 'Tis lock'd my Lord.

*K.* Where is the Key?

*La.* I know not, lost.

*K.* Cut it open.

*La.* Do not, do not, indeed you'll spoil it then.

*K.* Well then they shall not.

*La.* Now the King is gracious.

*K.* But fetch each man a Torch, and here before me  
Set it a fire.

*La.* Oh rather cut it (Sir!) in a thousand pieces;  
Why did you tell me that they should not cut it,

And

# King John and Matilda

And now would burn it? Who did teach you (Sir!)  
To mock a wounded heart? look, look, and they do not go  
To cut it too; Good Sir, I have a Jewel  
Lyes conceal'd there, which I hid for fear o'th souldiers,  
Of infinite value. *The Boy rises.*

*Hub.* 'Tis open my Lord,

*K.* What's in't?

*Hub.* Marry a youth in a basket Sir, here is the pretty Jewel  
Of infinite value.

*K.* Hold him fast fellow, *Hubert* keep back the mother,

*La.* Should I be kept back; Is that a Boy  
To crush with a rude hand? Alas a gristle!  
Look, and his very looks do not fright my Childe:

*Boy.* Oh mother here is a man looks very black,  
(Pray do not hurt me) indeed, and if you do,  
You'll make my mother cry.

*La.* For heavens sake let me kiss him, I warrant you the  
Childe was almost smothered; Come from him *George*.

*Boy.* A wo' not let me go; if I were your match,  
I'de give you a good sound box o'th ear.

*K.* Come, Come, we will not part you; *Hubert* there waits  
One *Brand* without, servant to the Earl of *Chester*:  
With a guard, let him convey them both to *Windsor* Castle,  
And by this signet to Sir *Walter Blunt*,  
Detain them in his custody, untill  
We shall direct him further. *(father)*

*Boy.* Oh brave! Mother I have heard of *Windsor* Castle; my  
Told me there are brave bows and arrows, and drums there.

*La.* Oh happy Innocent, who in spite of foes  
Can play the pretty wanton with thy woes. *Exit.*

*Hub.* The Lord Steward (Sir!) *Enter Winchester.*  
Is come it seems from *London*.

*K.* My Lord of *Winchester*, the meaning of your speed?

*Win.* The Popes Legate Sir,  
The Cardinal *Pandolph* is arriv'd at *London*.

*K.* What news with him? Six years we have stood  
An interdicted man, can he bring louder thunder?

*Win.* He brings proffers of peace, Sir,  
Advantageable peace too, if that you please

oblivion A tragedy. 1611

To make a **Refugee** among your **Groups** draw and set out

K. Hail ye Sons of the Devil: On my Hairs!

Chap. O Sir! we have ways to

And that to him, ~~the Pope~~ <sup>the Pope's</sup> wife; which I am bound to

( Paying an Annual tribute for your Kingdoms

Of England, and of Ireland, in the presence of

Of the whole body of the Peers) he has power to choose 35 Y

From his Holiness to reverently your temples and more in A

With the rich **Diadem**; and with all pronouncing you of U

Again admitted into the Church, you powers more than

Weakned and wounded, yet may by this means sdon A

Lyon-like, rowse it self, and removed all obstacles that

Twixt you and the high calling of a King, Y. Brn. Fe'gn'ls a fo'gn'ls high ch' twixt,

Which by the reason you stood curst ~~at Rome~~ <sup>Y</sup> ~~And~~

Received affords so frequent rebuffs *Fig. 10* *Mr. 10*, 01 0 13

With *Leister* (who by the return of *Bryce* and *Richmond*

From thence to *London*, were upon expedition,

With their powers from Hartford and the 19th century

The proceedings of the Queen and Officers in the year 1641

I have laid upon the loggers special charge

To attend your Religion, potent healing, draw on A  
(The great difference with all accounts) will be

(The great dispenser with all ceremony.)

**Calls it a point of policy, whereby**

He: And then you sang again. Since King of Folies.

And then you stand, again, sloping absolute,  
And dazle faction—

And dazle faction.  
K. Come, we will catch crabs.

Wish imitation, he that would grow rich and

To his own aims, must mingle (when baring)

Secret dissemblings' most of his venial sins

Enter Soldiers, and young Bruce on horse

Chief You are mine Sir

Chest. You are mine, Sir.  
 & Bru. 'Tis false. I am Fortunes

*Chef.* This day to Fortune then I sacrifice.

As to my Mistress,

As to my Mistress: *and you? said he.*  
 Y. Bru. A Whore is then your Mistress.

Chet: A Whore!

Chas. A. Vinton, 65 Central Express, 1100 1st St. N. W., Wash., D. C.

For when I die, the Mortimer will be  
T

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# King John and Matilda.

That takes with the dexterity she gives; tell me  
Of your Mistress and the Devil: Oh my stars!

*Chest.* O Sir! we have ways to tame you; you remember  
You brav'd me in the presence of the King;  
At *Baynards Castle*.

*R. Bru.* Oh I am mad,  
Yet not so mad, but I dare still brave *Chesters*;  
And from the top of my affliction;  
Upon thy light heel'd Mts. wanson Fortune,  
Cast from the manly temper of my blood

A noble scorn.  
*Chest.* You shall be fetter'd first,

*R. Bru.* Fetter'd? To gillies and the like?

*Chest.* Yes; and sent  
Up to the King as an arch Rebel; to whom  
(Before) we have by Letters sent our happy fortune,

*R. Bru.* Rebel? By that boiling sea of blood which thou hast troubl'd,  
Had my desires but bodies, I would burst  
Fetters of steel; yea on thy carter'd flesh;  
And with thy jaw bone; (thou honour-wounding man)  
I would kill a thousand of these Rascals.

*Chest.* Drag him  
Into the Castle; since your fortunes move you,  
We'll force you to a madness.

*R. Bru.* Fool, thou canst not;  
Frost makes fire fervent; he that wisely knows  
His wealthy fate, bravely becomes his woes.

*Chest.* Are you so arm'd? Away with him.

Enter the *Queen*, dragging in *Matilda*, her hair loose,  
and face bloody.

*Qu.* Come forward *Fury*, *Witch*.

*Mat.* Alas! Why thus  
Great *Queen* do you thus use me? Cleave me  
I do not fear to die, young Infants do it;  
Nor wish I life, the Murderer enjoys it;  
But let me know my trespass.

*Qu.* I'me



# A Tragedy King

*Qu.* I'me made your Souldiers-law to goon a diwaine  
The King, the King, you Strumpet; oh thou wretch,  
The matter of my spleen!

*Mat.* Hear me but speak.

*Qu.* Yes, I will hear thee speak: you had said  
That every syllable may serve instead  
Of a fierce winde to blow my fiercer fury  
Into the fashion of a punishment,  
Fitting the daring of thy trespass.

*Mat.* Hear me;

By these red marks, registers of your rashness,  
And by these tears, the fruits of my affliction,  
That the King passionately pursues my love;  
Is truth uncontradicted; but if I have  
Did ever think you wrong, let mine honour be  
Buried in dark oblivion.

*Qu.* Sin's a sweet tame Serpent, they must beguile,  
That cloath rude errors in a soft smooth stile.  
But Strumpit thou shalt rue thy Charge, *Enter*

*Chest.* Shift for your self Madam;  
Richmond escap'd from London with the powers  
Leavied by Leicester and Fitzwater, (who  
Were staid by Winchester, and the Legate Randolph)  
Hath rescued Bruce, got again the Castle,  
And make you now their search.

*Rich.* Seize on the Queen; with Souldiers  
Madam you are our prisoner.

*Y. Bru.* Keep Chester safe, good Richmond;  
Ha! oh what rude hand  
Hath ras'd this book of Beauty; a face where virtue  
Intelligibly stood to charm the Reader. Tell me Cousin,  
And by the thousands of thy tears and fears,  
No Title, Place, Degree, the very Grave  
Shall not secure the offender.

*Qu.* There is death in's angry eyes.

*aside.*

*Mat.* The rude Souldiers

(My Noble Cousin!) ha'd me thus, and tore me,  
And would have sure done worse, but that the Queen,  
The wondrous kinde Queen, in her royal person

# King John and Matilda

Came with a troop of well-appointed Souldiers  
And rescued me from do; remember the King, the King

*Qu.* She mocks me sure.

*T. Bru.* The Queen so kinde?

*Mar.* O Cousin had you seen

How good she was in her quick speed, how zealous  
To relieve innocency, you would have thought  
She'd kill'd them with her frowns ere she came at them,  
So lamentably miserable were my sufferings,  
So excellently noble was her charity.

*T. Bru.* Now by my life, 'twas honour in the highest,  
Because a foe, and gracious Madam, nor  
To be out-bid in this brave Mar of honour,  
You shall have a safe Convoy, and of quality  
Fitting your person, to convey (with your freedom)  
To th' angry King our loves, that he may feel  
How plain, to him we mean, and how nobly  
Unto a Goodness of so kind deserving  
As this now showing, see there be present order  
For her Majesties attendance, and sweet Cur  
Wich draw from the cold lair. *(Exit)*

*Qu.* Farewell Matilda;

Oh pardon me for heavens sake, now I finde  
Thy soul is Crystal.

*Mar.* Remember to the King  
Good Madam my great sorrows; and forget not  
To tell him this, That woman in whose heart  
Vertue and Honour stand a pair of Centinels;  
The sea may sooner flame, fire admit frost,  
E're such a woman fall from heaven: Oh she  
Who as a regular star keeps Vertues sphere,  
Shews like a Pearl hanging in an Angels care.

*Qu.* Thou noble soul of Goodness, *(Exit)*

*Qu.* There is death in a angry eye.  
The noble Souldiers  
And would have fute done worse, but that the Queen  
The wondrous kind Queen, in her royal person

# A Tragedy.

[A Chair of State discover'd, Tables and Chairs responsible;  
a Guard making a lane : Enter between them, *King John*, *Pandulph* the Popes Legate, *Chester*, *Oxford*, and  
all the Kings Party : After them, *Fitzwater*, *Richmond*,  
*Leister*, and *Bruce* ; the *King* (holding the Crown)  
kneeling on the left side of the Chair, *Pandulph* pos-  
sessing it.]

*K.* Lo in the sight of Prelates, Peers,  
Of Earth and Heaven, of all that hears  
My words ; I *John Plantagenet*,  
(With all submissive reverence) set  
My Crown at the most sacred foot  
Of Innocent the Third unto  
I joyn my Kingdom, give them free  
Unto his pious clemency :  
And for the follies of my Reign,  
Hears of my youth, and the rough strain  
Of riper years, my Rebellions, my high hand,  
My six years Interdiction, and  
All my mis-doings ; I this, and those,  
Submit to the Popes power to disclose.

*Pan.* You have by times retracted, and your foot now  
Beats out a certain path ; in these Lords sights I do  
Produce the Letter, drawn Obligatory  
From *John* of England to his Holiness ;  
Peruse it Sir, you are there oblig'd to pay,  
(As yearly from this day Renting your Kingdoms)  
To Innocent the Third, and to his Successors  
A thousand marks per annum.

*K.* It runs so

*Pan.* Yes ; three hundred for Ireland and seven for England.

*Fitz.* Do not peruse it *John*, though thou and we  
Have had some bickerings, yet let me counsel thee,  
This is my Countries Cause.

*Pan.* You and your Country  
Have cause in this Cause to rejoice.

*Fitz.* Good, good, Sir *Pandulph*,  
Though in our filial love to our Mother Church,

By



# King John and Matilda.

By his Holiness command we staid from *Hartford*,  
Yet let's have fair play, do not wrong that Mother,  
Apparelling her comely holy face,  
With a fore head full of frowns, pleited proceedings.

*Pan.* You rail.

*Fitz.* I do not rail,

Although I hold and reverence the Chair,

We had been at *Hartford* else, and not at *London*;

Yet in a true breast we should nothing see,

But holy, pure, unmixt simplicity.

*K.* Give me the pen.

*Leif.* Will you then sign?

*K.* Yes, you rough Sons of faction,

And hook your stubborn nostrils; this is *Rubarb*

To your smooth palates: Give me the pen to write.

*Fitz.* Do not write *John*.

*K.* Do not prate fool.

*Fitz.* In sooth that write

Will wrong thee; Children and Fools tell truth,

Remember that.

*Pan.* There was no way like this,

To beat a path out to your peace.

*K.* Right Reverend *Pand.* proffers to descend,

And holy Sir, receive to the Popes use,

His Will, and your own Charge; Sir, descend not,

But ere you re-invest me, hear me tell

A tale of sorrow, Behold here these Lords,

Who had been now bruising the face of peace

With unkinde buffers; but for *Winchester*,

Your strict compulsion, & their seeming fear

Of deserv'd interdiction; but, Oh Spruce!

No Devil deceives like th' Household Hypocrite;

These of my Court, with young *Bruce*, now inconn'd

At *Hartford*, whither it may be hair-brain'd *Richmond*

Hath retir'd his discontents.

*O. Bra.* We miss our hopes else.

*K.* These bandy faction with me, and with their drums

(Lewd linguists to interpret their disloyalties)

Brave me i' th' field, deform th' Matted face



# A Tragedy.

Of trembling *England* with soul bloody stains,  
Larums at hideous midnight, they break my sleep,  
Fill them with fearful dreams, terrible startings,  
And with the grief of my unfriendly fears,  
Force me to pierce my pillow with my tears.

*Pan.* Unnatural cruelty,  
Able to melt marble into compassionate tears.

*Ox.* Dainty dissembler.

*Ol. Bru.* Now may it please you.

*Pan.* Peace untill his Holiness command be finished;  
Ascend your now true Seat Sir, & from the hand *Pan. gives*  
Of my self *Pandolph*, Legate for the Pope, *John the Chair*  
(Observing the due payments specified)  
Receive your Crown and Kingdoms; and with them  
We here pronounce your absolute re-admission  
Into the Church, and from his Holiness  
We re-invest you with all Powers, Pretogatives,  
Freedoms, Communities, (and in the strength of efficacy)  
That constantly adheres to lawfull Princes,  
And an obedient Son unto the Church,  
Long life to *John of England, Wales, and Ireland*,  
The lawfull King. *Flourish.*

*Leif.* I am mad.

*Fi.* So, so, now we must suffer  
The Kingdoms ancient Liberties, Land, lives,  
And all to run the course that he shall steer.  
Good heaven that I were dead; What do I here?

*O. Bru.* But I'll not ass-like bear my Countries wrongs,  
Mine own at home, and like a Court-Camelion  
Give thanks unto mine injurer; hear me King *John*.

*K.* You shall hear us (Sir) first; We have been clouded  
Six years, but (like the Sun in his Meridian)  
We now again are glorious; thus in brief,  
*Leister* we require strong pledge for your loyalty;  
*Bruce* call your mad Son home from *Harford*,  
Your Wife and Son shall better speed at *Guisford*,  
For *Richmond* in our re-assumed power  
We will proclaim him Traytor, and *Fitzwater*,  
Either give up *Matilda* for your faith, or hear

What

# King John and Matilda.

What we shall sentence.

*Leif.* We must stand then.

What thunder you shall throw, perform with us.

We kiss your Royal hands.

*Ol. Bru.* If not, we stand

Rocks in our resolution.

*K.* D'ee hear them now Sir?

*Fitz.* Nay, nay, let him hear me too then.

Lord Legate *Pandolph*, thus 'tis,

And thus you may inform his Holiness:

In a field call'd *Running-Mead*, 'twixt *Staines* and *Windsor*,

After some bloody noses on both sides,

I tell truth I; there the King and Barons

Met for discussion of conceiv'd wrongs,

And indeed (not mis-conceiv'd) our Houses, Honours,

Our Fathers Freedoms, the Lands ancient Liberties

(Unjustly to encrease some private Coffers)

Felt dayly Diminution, there to Covenants drawn,

(Bearing the name and sence of *Magna Charta*,

Which many hundred years may be seen hereafter)

King *John* subscrib'd, we swore him Fealty.

*K.* Which Fealty they deny'd, till our assoilment

Of our six years Interdiction, forcing us therefore

To seal unlawfull Liberties.

*Leif.* Upon our honours,

They were but what Antiquity prov'd lawfull.

*Ox.* Oh but my Lord,

*Fitz.* Tut, tut, Lord me no Lords,

He broak, we powted, I tell plain truth I,

Yet fell into no relapse of hostility,

But wot ye what, he casts a coverous eye

Upon my Daughter, passionately pursues her,

There had been other pledges but our oaths else;

(For heaven knows them he had) and (amongst the rest)

*Matilda* must be my pledge, for well he deem'd

They yielding theirs, shame would brand my denial,

But catch crait, when we put truth to trial

Kings should have shining swords, and white desires

Enflam'd with zeal, not parch'd by Paphian fires.

## A Tragedy.

So shines the soul in which virtue doth shroud,  
Is a serene skie belportred with no cloud;  
But a Copper conscience whilst the head wears gold  
Is but a plain, down-right untruth wel told.  
Come, come, I cannot fawn.

K. But in the passion of a Dog (sir) you can snarl;  
Have you talkt all your words?

Fitz. I have told truth, I.

K. Then we wil fall to deeds;

*Oxford*, command a Guard, and presently  
Take them to th' Tower: We can now talk and doe;  
Away with them, and muzzle those fierce Mastiffs  
That durst leap at the face of Majestie,  
And strike their killing fangs into honors heart;  
Are they not gone? We shall be passionate  
In your delay.

O. Bru. Come *Leister*, let us wear  
Our sufferings like a Garland.

*Leif*. Tempest nor death  
Could never out-do *Leister*, who dares dye  
Laughing at times poyson'd integrity.

Fitz. Now by my troth 'twas very nobly spoken;  
Shall I turn tale! no, no, no, let's go;  
But how things wil be carried; ha! are these tears  
Body of me? They are. Shall I go like a sheep  
With this pair of Lyons, ha, ha, ha,  
I do laugh now *John*, and I'll tel thee why,  
Ther's yet in thy green *May*, twenty seven summers  
Set in our Kalends, but when forty Winters more  
Shall round thy forehead with a field of snow,  
And when thy comely veins shall cease to flow;  
When those Majestick eyes shall float in Rhumes;  
When Giant Nature her own self consumes,  
When thy swift pulses shall but slowly pant,  
When thou art all a Volume of thy want,  
(That like a tale-spent fire thou shalt sink)  
Then (*John*) upon this Lesson thou wilt think;  
He dies a happy old man, whose sweet youth  
Was a continued sacrifice to truth.



# King John and Matilda.

I must weep now indeed.

Ki. Away with them,

Exit.

Pan. Unto King John, the favour of his holiness.  
With peace and happiness.

Exit,

K. Which we return  
With all filial obedience--- Lock up Oxford,  
The day breaks, and the Sun hath chaff the night  
Out of our Hemispher.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ox. Your news sir?

Gen. Letters from the Queen sir.

K. Was the Earl Richmond there with any powers  
E're your departure.

K. reads.

Gen. No, may it please your Majesty, we heard not of him,  
But all on our part went fair and fortunate.

K. Oh Oxford now they have her, flie back like lightning,  
Tel him this day wee'l meet them all at Barnet. Exit. Gen.

Ox. But her Father and her friends imprisonment  
May obdurate her heart; they dare not sure  
(On the great peril of a curse) to fall  
Into a Relapse now you are absolute.  
Faith sir, try smooth paths to your ends, to release them,  
I hold the winningst way to captivate  
Their duties, and Matilda to your wishes.

K. Good, do not kil me joy before our going.  
Instantly thou shalt flie with the Lords release,  
We pine in our delayes; Oh Cupid swiftly  
Fly into Paphoes, and from thy Mothers shrine,  
Catch but a nimble wanton flame, and cast it  
Into the busie Kingdom of my heart;  
That it may reach my tongue the art of victory.  
And every year unto thy wel-spent Quiver,  
P'ie add a shaft, and call it Cupid's Love-Dart.  
Come Oxford, I tread me thinks on air,  
Until I read that Volume of sweet grace,  
The well-writ story of Matilda's face.

Ox. She yeilds at last, my life on't sir.

Exit.



# A Tragedy.

## Actus 3. Scæna 1.

Enter Brand reading of a Letter.

**W**ill. Brand, *These are to certifie, That Forturne (Mistresse of changes, with my unluckie stars) hath rendred me a prisoner to my most mortal Enemy, young Bruce.*

**Bra.** That mad Tamberlane!

**Let.** *My entreaty is none of the noblest, but direct against my blood, my desires and my deservings.*

**Bra.** Oh that I had a leg of that young Bruce but minc'd and butter'd.

**Let.** *I am credibly posselt, his Majesty hath into your custody committed his Mother and her young Son George, whereby you have occasion cast into your hand to parallel their sufferings with my fortunes; not that I would have you banish humanity.*

**Bra.** He need never have writ that; Bawds and Serjeants have sav'd me the labour.

**Let.** *Nor give too deep a wound to Conscience.*

**Bra.** Another labour sav'd too,

Usurers do it daily.

**Let.** *But as I let you understand how I am here accommodated, so shape the duty of a Servant to parallel in their persons your vilified Master Ralph Chester.*

**Bra.** Brave Lord, the Ladder of my Fortunes, shalt thou suffer on that side; and for Humanities sake, and thred-bare Conscience (a couple of Cousin Germans, that thrice a week know not whete to get a supper) shall the friends of him that stands Lord of thy Fortunes, and thy profest Foe, fare well here! Now I talk of Fare, I receiv'd this Letter yesterday, and since they have neither eaten bit, nor drunk drop, nor by these ten stealers shall not, till I hear again from my Lord--- Come out Madam Mother, and your young prating brat--- they do look hungry already.

*Enter Lady and boy.*

**La.** What would our unkinde Jaylor?

**Boy.** Sure Mother Mr. Brand hath brought us victuals.

**Bra.** No sirrah, I come to tell you to day is fasting day.

# King John and Matilda.

*La.* Two dayes together ?

Good Mr. *Brand*, 'tis not mine own want beggs,  
But my poor Boyes ; I have held him pretty pastime,  
To have him yet forget that wilde woolf Hunger ;  
And still the harm'less soul would point each period  
Of his sport, crying, Mother give me bread.

*Bra.* She has a winning way,  
Her carriage and her person are both exquisite :  
Faith tell me Madam, what would you give for some victuals  
To give your Son ?

*La.* Any thing : set thou the price thou shalt have Gold.

*Boy.* And truly Sir, if you'l but give me a Cake,  
Or a Capons legg, when I am a man  
I'll give you twenty shillings to buy your Boy fine things.

*Bra.* If you dare lye with me,  
You and your Son shall both have sustenance.

*La.* Harken good heaven, what saies the man ?

*Boy.* He would lie with your Mother ;  
But then when I am a bed too, there  
Will be no room for my Father.

*Bra.* Be as plain and brief as I was ; Dare ye do't ?

*La.* No thou bad man, I dare not.

*Bra.* No body shall see't, by this hand.

*La.* Thou lyes't thou Feind ; shouldst thou i'th Castle do't,  
The Towers would tremble, and turn Intelligencers  
To all the passengers ; the Walls would shudder,  
The Escutchions, Streamers, Banners, all the Reliques  
Of Fame and Honour would fall down to see  
Honour and Fame so wounded.

*Bra.* See ! I am asham'd to hear you ;  
If such sins could not be done without being seen,  
Informers would have a fine trade on't, a Parators place  
Would countervail five Serjeants ; ha, ha, seen kither !  
Why there would not be sheets enough in the Land  
For the penitent, and innocent Beadles enough to correct the  
Guilty ; Come, come, wee'l do't i'th dark then.

*La.* In the dark saidst thou ?  
Oh in the deepest darkness the white Angels  
Will stare upon thee, and with flaming eyes

## A Tragedy:

Will make the room appear to thy wild conscience  
Twice lighter than the Sun.

Tis a foul Devil that insinuates to thee  
The sower sweetness of a deluded minute.  
He has borrowed a white robe; pluck it off from him,  
And thou wilt see him a black hideous Monster;  
How with a slavish look he will creep from thee.  
Displeas'd that thou art fain again in love  
With holy goodness.

*Bra.* How my Conscience wambles.

*Boy.* Do, do, good sir, think of it,  
It will make you give's some bread,  
And then you'll be a very honest man.

*Bra.* I have heard you.

*La.* And with a thirsty soul I hope.

*Bra.* Yes, as Usurers hear Sermons, more for novelty than  
integrity; I love good words when I pay nothing for 'em;  
what do you see in me that I should appear unworthy of your  
grant?

*La.* Because in that request  
Thou appear'st to me as ugly as a Toad.

*Bra.* A Toad!

*Boy.* I, and a Frog too, if you go to that.  
Do not cry Mother.

*Bra.* Get you both in, by this victorious sword;  
And by the horrid odious comparifon,  
(for such a one first made comparifons odious)  
Ye get not a bit this seven days.

*Lady.* By that time  
My boy and I shall make a pair of happy ones  
In yonder glorious Kingdom. Tell me *George*,  
Shall this bad man abuse thy Fathers bed?  
Or shall we fast yet longer?

*Bra.* The boy wil consent I warrant you;  
The Pages have instructed him.

*Boy.* Indeed I am very hungry.

*Bra.* Did I not tell you so?

*Boy.* But rather than this Goat shall lye in my fathers place,  
Indeed I'll fast this seven years.

*La*

# King John and Matilda.

*Ta.* Ah noble boy,  
Sweet plant of goodness, thou hast prov'd it true  
Virtue will with the good it cannot do,  
*Br.* A terriblyngly toad.

Enter King, Queen and Oxford.

*Ox.* God sir, ye must be patient.

*K.* Patient!

Bitterness dwels with me if I do not put him  
To an eternal patience, that shall dare  
To wish me into that dul fit of fools:  
*Matilda* won and lost!

*Qu.* Good sir,

*K.* Away,

Struggle not with the tempest of my blood,  
That will undo thee.

*Qu.* *Richmond* Lyon-like,  
(After we sent our Letter, with the Forces  
The Barons had prepar'd) clouded our day,  
And made our fortunes his.

*Ches.* They out o'th tower too;  
*Fitzwater*, *Bruce* and *Leister*, with fresh powers,  
Are not a league hence.  
*K.* The Lion *Richmond*! a Hare, had he met with any  
But field-Mice, Rats, Run-aways and Weezles,  
Frighted even with the raving of a Flag,  
They would have call'd a scare-crow stult with straw  
And bound upon a ten-groats *Irish* Garron,  
The glorions *Richmond*! upon his fiery steed:  
Oh! there is nothing certain but our sorrows;  
Our borrow'd bliss is but the shuttle-cock  
Of a days pastime.

*Qu.* I have pastim'd her, if tearing be a pastime.  
Let that comfort you,  
I have torn her alsholt to death.

*K.* *Matilda*?

*Qu.* Yes.

*K.* And would you have it comfort me?

*Qu.*



## A Tragedy.

*Qu.* I know it does; call but up your Troops  
Bravely again, recover her, and read  
Upon her face my fury.

*K.* Oh ye cruel one,  
Crueller than the flame that turn'd to Cinders  
The fair *Ephesian* Temple; wild as a Woolf,  
The Bear is not so bloody. Tear her hairs,  
Which when they took their pastime with the winds  
Would charm the astonish'd gazer! tear that face,  
Lovely as is the morning, in whose eyes  
Stands writ the History of her heart, inticing  
The ravish'd Reader to run on 'pon whose eye-lids  
Discretion dwels, which when a wild thought  
Would at those Casements (like a Thief) steal in,  
Plays her hearts noble friend, and shuts out sin.

*Q.* O why then sir, if she be such a volume  
Of white unvanquish'd vertue, would you stain,  
And blot the fair leaves with your foul desires,  
Chaste, frosty bosoms, brook no lust-born fires.

*K.* She has put me to my sophistry.

*Q.* I knew I was made  
Your stale for her obtaining.

Oh why  
Raise you so high a Pyramis to her praise,  
And prostrate your own vertue? if she be  
Such a Book of goodness, with bad desires  
Why do you read her? He no truth intends,  
Seeks to corrupt that text which he commends,  
Good sir consider it.

*Enter Hubert.*

*K.* Wel, I wil think on't, and you wil have done.

*Hu.* Now is the time my Lord,  
If e're you would be fortunate in your desires,  
*Richmond*, young *Bruce*, *Matilda*,  
(With the Earl of *Chester* prisoner) and a slight convoy  
But of some threescore Horse, and two hundred Archers  
Are now i'th valley crossing of the Countrey,  
'Tis thought for *Essex*.

*K.* Where are their main Forces?

*Hu.* Inconst in *Hartford* Castle, our Forces yet

*Not*

## King John and Matilda,

Not so diminish'd, or in rout for want  
Of their lost General; but if you please,  
We dare with hope assail them.

*K.* I will be General;

Order the Powers, you have for present on-set.

*Qu.* My Lord, you said you would consider.

*K.* I am considering bravely how to charge  
The Foe just in the face: *Matilda*, I am now thy Souldier,  
Friend of my heart, the King himself comes for thee,  
Who shall in this dayes doings amply prove,  
Honor takes fire from the flame of love.

*Hu.* Good Fortune on our side sir. *Exeunt, Manet Queen.*

*Qu.* Hear not that prayer *A Charge as far off.*

Good Heaven, oh tempt not virtue to adorn  
A foul Cause with fair Fortunes: Hark, hark, they meet,  
And now pell-mell the angry Lords do list  
Unnatural swords, good Heaven keep safe the King,  
But let his Cause miscarry; I will not stay  
To see him so pursue those wild desires,  
Which cannot sure end well: I'll to the Lords  
So near at hand, and with *Matilda's* Father,  
Accommodate my griefs, and let there be  
Her fears, my tears, the King's infirmity. *Exit*

*Enter King, Oxford and Matilda.*

*K.* *Oxford*, she's now the Kings.

*Mat.* Most miserable Maid.

*K.* Most excellent *Matilda*, all are thy friends,  
Imperious Love sat on my Lance just then,  
When on the panting brest of daring *Richmond*  
(Who like a melancholly sullen Cloud  
Eclips'd thy Chariot) thou didst see me print  
My restless passion: *Oxford* keep my happiness  
Just with that care thou wouldst preserve that pair  
Of precious things, thine eyes: *Chester's* engag'd  
Deep in the Chace, and we must fetch him off:  
Pardon me Honor, that I plac'd Love first,  
My doings now are thine. *Exit.*

*Ox.*

# A Tragedy.

*Ox.* Keep near the King, Gentlemen,  
His unbounded spirit may loose him else, good Madam  
Do not lament so, though your friends are scatter'd,  
Y'are in a spheare of happines.

*Mat.* Oh that great power,  
That many times out of this toyl hath taken me,  
Deliver me again, because again,  
Vertue hath made me miserable.

*Ent. young Bruce*

*T. Bru.* Oh that necessity  
Should force us unto flight, base flight, repugnant  
To man and honour. Ha! happy flight now,  
That brought me this way.

*Mat.* Cozen,

*T. Bru.* Oxford, either give back  
That pure unspotted Dove, from the killing Talion  
Of the forgetfull King, or thou or I  
Must never see him more.

*Ox.* That to our Fortunes,  
I must not fail the King, Sir.

*T. Bru.* I must not faile then

*Enter Richmond,*

To get her as I can Sir,

*Fight, Oxford falls.*

*Rich.* We are scatter'd now  
Past making head againe.

*T. Bru.* But I have made shift to get my Cuz again Sir.

*Rich.* Let us not stay now to expostaulce, Necessity  
Directs us to our friends not a league distant,  
If we not fly we are lost.

*Ma.* Good Cuz lets flie,  
Tis no disgrace to obey necessity.

*T. Bru.* Oh I could stamp and tear that hagge necessity,  
Bitter necessity, thou scourge of things  
That forces Lyons to wear Swallows wings. *Exe. Manet Ox.*

*Ches.* You have plaid the Souldier Sir. *to him Enter King*

*K.* The Soulder *Ches.*; I am so light with joy, *Ches.*  
I could do any thing. *& others*

*Ches.* Troth Sir would it might please you then to grace  
Me with the President-ship of *Picardy*,  
Falne in this last Rebellion from the Lord  
*Bruce* unto your Crown

# King John and Matilda,

K. 'Tis thine as certain  
As *Matilda* is the Kings: Oh *Chester*, now *Matilda*  
Is in the King's power.

Ox. No fir, she is in Heavens.

Ches. Who's this, *Oxford*! let's help to raise him up.

K. What saist thou man? *Matilda*! where is *Matilda*?

Ox. Young *Bruce* in his flight happening upon this way  
For her recovery gave me fierce assault;  
I did stand for you fir, as much as man could,  
Till my misfortune found me; then I fell.  
To him came *Richmond*, and with all speed possible  
They have carried her to'th Lords on tother side the heath.

K. Oh Villain, villain!  
Suppose he had cutthy heart-strings, hadst thou cast  
Thy dying eye upon *Matilda*'s face;  
She would have shot another spirit into thee.  
More daring than the first, at least more fortunate.

Ches. Let him be convey'd to th' Town and drest,  
Our best course is now to withdraw, the Lords  
Are strong, and may give us dangerous chase else.

K. What, are our hopes  
Like Garlands 'pon afflictions forehead worn,  
Kist in the morning, and at evening torn. Exit.

*A Table and Chairs set out.*

Enter *Fitzwater*, old *Bruce*, young *Bruce*, *Richmond*  
and *Leister*.

O. Bru. The day is then the Kings.

Rich. White victory  
Clapt on her silver wings, with a fallen face  
Took leave of us, and pitched upon his Tent;  
Where she sat smiling, while necessity  
Enforc'd our flight.

Y. Bru. Oh that Witch Necessity!

Fitz. Well, well, away the Witch,  
'Tis well you brought *Matilda* off; come, come,  
And Brother *Bruce* you have a Wife and Son  
Unjustly detain'd from you; I am injur'd;  
I pray set you your feet into the path  
Of our proceedings.

Sit to  
Council.

Y. Bru.



# A Tragedy:

*T. Bru.* Let's with our powers  
Raze *Windsor* Walls.

*Fitz.* Now you are i<sup>th</sup>-field straight;  
Give old men leave; you would raze: What would you raze  
Your reputation with your rash proceedings:  
Come, come, hear your Father.

*T. Bru.* Why let him speak then.

*O. Bru.* First let us take up our affronts in order,  
And fix by ours the Generals grievances,  
The crying groans of *England*, whose blubbered cheeks  
Are stiff with tears to see their priviledge  
Daily impair'd.

*Rich.* What's to be done?

*Leif.* Let's send to the *French* King,  
Proffer him our assistance, to transfer  
The Crown from *John* to him, if at such a day  
He will put over a strong Navy Royal,  
With an Army for the Attempt, with which (our Forces  
Making one body) both at Sea and Land,  
We bid fair for our Freedoms.

*Fitz.* I do not like it.

*T. Bru.* S'fut, you will like nothing.  
Let us be ring'd and nooz'd.

*O. Bru.* Besides, being assoil'd of his six years Interdiction,  
Those that before fled from him as a Leper,  
Will now flock to him.

*Rich.* They begin already,  
(Although we seek (with our own) their good,) to censure  
And call hostility plain faction.

*Leif.* This is my resolve, I say there is no way  
To fix our freedoms, but to call in *Philip*,  
And make him King.

*Exit Richmond.*

*Omn.* So think we all.

*Fitz.* I, but I think not so,  
Though y<sup>e</sup> are all wise for *Philip*, he'l be a gainer,  
But what will you get by'r? They run on rocks and shelves,  
Can counsel others, not secure themselves.

*T. Bru.* We must and will do something.

*Fitz.* You will send to *Philip*,

## King John and Matilda.

Instruct him to proceed, it may be furnish  
His Navie with our Pilots, he lands, we proffer  
Change, *John* for *Philip*; Oh can you think  
That we can undergo a heavier stroke  
From a Naturall, then from a Forreigne yoke;  
Go to, go to, who in no estate can rest,  
They may change oft, but seldom comes the best.

*O. Brn.* I am diverted.

*Leist.* Which way would you steer then?

*Fitz.* By the same Compasse, but not upon this parallel,  
I do not like the line, but this wee'l do,  
Wee'l send for *Lewis*, *Philips* Son, the Dolphine,  
And to him (seemingly) prefer the proffer,  
A Crown will fire him; may be he shall land,  
But with no more Force then we please; and it may be  
He shall take a fisher Town, for every Nation  
Can take away their trading as the time goes,  
Our main Force being ready, we will hover  
'Till *John* and *Lewis*; if *John* deny an oath.  
To redresse our griefs, and become regular  
And Hostage for the keeping it, we joyne  
With the *French*, and fight him further; if he consent,  
We fall on his part then, expulse *Lewis*,  
And send him to the Seas again, the Dolphin  
Is young and may be wrought on, but old *Philip*  
Is dangerously politicke, with foot ashore,  
Hee'l brooke no juggling both ease, and safety  
We work on Willows, but when we strike at Oaks,  
We sweat, and sometimes hurt with our own strokes.

*Om.* It shall be thus effected;

*Leist.* But let report divulge his Landing,  
With more eminent danger then we will let him practise.

*Fitz.* For this time *Enter Queen, Matilda & Ladies.*  
Rise then; See the Queen and Ladies,  
Good Madam cast off sadnesse,  
*Matilda* we are all here i'th City safe;  
The very hearts o'th Citizens (men injur'd  
In their priviledges as we are) they are ours,  
What should we fear then?

*Enter Richmond,*

*Mat.*

# A Tragedy.

*Mat.* You are all such friends,

I am poor in my well-meaning thankfulness.

*Rich.* A Barge with divers youthfull Citizens,  
Apparell'd rich like Masquers, is now land'd  
Upon the Stairs, hearing the Queen was here,  
With all this meeting of their noble friends,  
Proffer their loves and duties to conclude  
And grace the evening with their Revels.

*Fitz.* In the Hall wee'l meet them. Did not I tell you  
These Citizens were noble Lads, our friends?  
Wait on the Ladies Lords, I am here your Graces servant;  
By my troth I thank'em, they will crown our Feast,  
And credit me, having such a Princely Guest.

*Exeunt.*

*And Musick.*

Enter at one door *Fitzwater*, old *Bruce*, young *Bruce*, *Leister*,  
*Matilda*, and *Ladies*; at the other door, the  
*King*, *Chester*, *Oxford*, *Maskers*.

*A Dance.*

*Fitz.* Now by my troth they are Gallants :-  
Citizens said you; now I remember too,  
Ye do go gallant in your shops, no wonder then;  
If in Masks you cut it. I Remember Gentlemen,  
Your Fathers wore a kind of comely habit;  
Comely, because it well became the reverend name of Citizens;  
But now let a Knight walk with you in your shops,  
(And I commend you for't, ye keep the fashion)  
We know not which is which—; how my tongue ranges,  
And night grows old, mad times must have mad changes;  
Come, come, a Hall, a hall.

*The Maskers take the Ladies.*

*Qu.* Believe me you have done vvell. *and fall to the dance.*

*T. Bru.* Pox a these Cats-guts, howv they squeak :

Methinks a ratling sheep-skin lustily boxe,  
Would thunder brave amongst them. *One of the Torch-bearers*

*Mat.* I can dance no more indeed, Sir. *takes Matilda.*

*Fitz.* I am deceiv'd, if that fellowv did not carry

A Torch e'n novv ;

Will you shame the Gentleman ?

Dance vwhen I bid you.

*Mat.* Oh me, that grasp vvas like the Kings.

*O. Bru.*



# King John and Matilda.

*O. Bru.* Dance Cuz,

*Fitz.* In good deed dance,

Or you wil make me angry.

*The K. pulls her violently,*

Body of me, that's too much for a Torch-bearer.

You fir Jack, fir Jack, she is no whit-leather,

She wil not stretch I assure you; if you come hither  
For love, so 'tis.

*K.* For love!

*Fitz.* But if you and your Company

Put on forgetful rudeneis, pray take your *Cupid* yonder,

Your thing of feathers, and your Barge stands ready

To bear ye all aboard the Ship of fools:

I am plain *Robin*—passion of me!

Look if he do not threaten me: I will see thee;

Wert thou King *John* himself.

*Pulls off his Vizard.*

*Om.* The King! *Mat.* Oh! which way shall I flie?

*Qu.* I would not leave so sweet a chaste companion.

*Exeunt Qu, Mat, Rich. and Ladies.* In the bustle, *Fitzwater* drops  
one of his *Gloves*, *Hubert* takes it up, and goes after the *Ladies*.

*Hub.* What's this, one of her fathers *Gloves*?

This shall be drawn upon the lucky hand of a thriving plot.

*K.* Behold thy King, thine *Bruce*, one of the fathers

Of these retir'd factions: *Richmond*, thy King,

And thine rough *Leister*; is this still your nest

Wherein to hatch another *Scorpions* egg,

To sting the afflited bosome of your Countrey;

To bruise her sides with the earth-wounding hoofs

Of War-apparel'd *Horses*; whose dreadful neighings

May fright her pale face to a bloody blush,

And again make her groan.

*Fitz.* Your pardon fit,

By my good sword I knew ye not.

*Chef.* No, if you had,

Your dangerous brother *Bruce* and you, had laid

Some plot for his sacred Person; then pleaded ignorance,

That ye took him (as he seem'd) a sawcy stranger.

*T. Bru.* *Chester*, thou art not noble in thy censure,

And fawn'st thy self into the abus'd favour

Of the too-credulous King.

*Chef.*

## A Tragedy.

*Chef.* Oh temptation! What a Devil art thou?  
Now by my blood young man, you court my spleen  
In a vain-glorious shape: *Chester fawn!*  
Just Heaven forbid it?

*T. Bru.* An Axe upon your neck, the just heavens give you—  
And that in heaven were justice—

*O. Bru.* Son, y<sup>e</sup> are too full of choller.

*T. Bru.* Choller, Halter.

*Fitz.* By the Mass that's near the choller.

*K.* Upon your lives no more, the King is here;  
*Fitzwater*, I did not come to quarrel with thee,  
I would have such a good man ever near me,  
And for a flourish to the rest (of whom  
As of old *Bruce* we have) we will require strict pledges, and  
*Fitzwater* let thy Daughter live at Court, she shall be kept  
I<sup>t</sup>h custody of the Queen, but as no pledge.

*Fitz.* The Queen is gracious.

*K.* Come, to their ruines leave these turbulent Lords.

*Fitz.* But suppose the Queen should ride abroad to hunt,  
And leave *Matilda* solitary at home,  
I think the King would come and comfort her.

*K.* I am of thy mind, I think he would.

*Fitz.* Would he so?—I would have no one hear. *Takes*

*K.* They cannot man. *the K. aside.*

*Fitz.* Pray tel the King, Ile keep my Girl at home,  
And comfort her my self.

*K.* You will.

*Fitz.* *John, John*, now I speak out;  
You made your Masque for this, a Masque indeed,  
And wel-away! that it should prove a cover  
For such a night of tempests, such wild affections,  
Such an ill-favour'd night. *Enter Hubert.*

*K.* *Hubert*, is't done?

*Hub.* Past expectation: I have better'd your plot,  
And got the Queen too,  
And will bring them early in the morning to'th Court.

*K.* Have the Torch-bearers given fire to the plot?

*Hub.* They mixt with opportunity. *Enter Richmond.*

*Fitz.* I do not like this whispering:

Where

# King John and Matilda.

Where are the Ladies and *Matilda*?

*Ri.* The Ladies are at the further side the Castle,  
But by a Glove you sent by a Gentleman  
That said he serv'd Earl *Leister*, that with him  
She and the Queen should flie for safety whither  
You had directed him; glad of any scape,  
They took a Barge, another leapt in after them,  
but whom he was, I know not. *Exit,*

*O. Bru.* Sent you a Glove?

*Fitz.* A Glove indeed I miss, but I sent none.

*Leif.* This is a Riddle.

*K.* I wil play *Oedipus*, and expound it for you,  
As *Hubert* has infus'd; you dropt your Glove,  
Ingenious *Hubert* found it, and (though we  
Had directed otherwise) he employ'd a gentleman  
Of our own Chamber, one unknown to *Matilda*,  
To bring it as your close intelligence  
For her flight with him; he that leapt into'th barge  
As they put off, was *Oxford*; now we have her,  
Never again to lose her.

*Leif* By my vext blood

*King John*, this is not honorable.

*Ent. Richm.*

*Rich.* We are betray'd;

All that bore torches in the Masque to night,  
Were of the guard, who upon a receiv'd Watch-word  
Fel to their arms, beat down all oppos'd them,  
And are shaping their course this way.

*Y. Bru.* Lets meet 'em;

We have an injur'd patience; come death in whirlwinds,  
He be the first shall front him; to thy prayers *John*,  
Pray heartily, that thy friends fatal points  
May pierce these hearts, for if they miss 'tshal prove  
The bloodiest beauty story ever told,  
To fright the Readers souls; a purple cloud  
Shall shadow *England*, the whole Land shall reel;  
The Center groans, thy very Crown shal stand  
Trembling upon thy temple, til it fall,  
A mourner at thy Fames black funeral. *Exit.*

*Fitz.* Oh nobl: Nephew!

*Exeunt Barons.*

## A Tragedy.

K. Ha, ha, ha, let 'em rave on; Ingenious *Hubert*!  
That couldst so swiftly apprehend a smooth  
Path to'th possession of *Matilda*!  
Quit *Oxford* from her charge; unto thy care  
The King commends the Mistress of his heart,  
I'th morning let me see her.

*Hub.* She shall wait upon you Sir,

*Chest.* The Barons threaten high Sir,

K. Let them burst.

Come Gentlemen, to'th Barge, and so to'th Court;  
To clip our wishes, perils appear sport, *Exeunt.*

### Actus 4. Scœna 1.

Enter Brand,

*Bran.* **I** Wonder how my pair of Prisoners fadge?  
I am something dogged too a to'ther side;  
That thus long have not seen them, nor have they eat  
I am sure since they came in; in yon Madams eye  
I am as ugly as a Toad, I will see her,  
And contemn her--you and your brat come out, *Ent. Lady*  
Here's meat, I am sure you are hungry. *and Boy*

*Boy.* Oh Mother, will you be sick now?

*Mr. Brand* has brought us meat,

*La.* Oh! on my knee Sir,

I thank you, not for my want, for I feel  
Nature almost quite vanquish'd; but for my Son  
He may live long to thank you.

*Boy.* give but my Mother

A little piece of bread, and if I live,

( as yet I may do, if you can be mercifull)

I will tell my Father such good things of you,  
He shall return your kindness treble back

To your honest bosome; Oh Mother! for some bread.

*Bra.* Some bread?

Why to have an honest bosome ( as the world goes )  
Is the next way to want bread; I'faith tell me,

How



# King John and Matilda.

How have you past the time you wanted Victuals?

*Lady* Very hardly,

And still the poor Boy sighing, would say, Mother  
You look very hungry, I did think strait how hard  
Your heart was, then we both did fall a weeping,  
Cling'd our lean armes about each others neck,  
And sat a pair of mourners.

*Bra.* Delicate pastime, Toads love no other;  
Look yee, here is bread.

*Boy.* Oh if you be a good man, give me but a bit  
To give my Mother, poor soul look how she looks!  
Indeed she's very hungry.

*Bra.* Yes, so is my Dogge, *Puts it up again*  
I must keep this for his breakfast.

*La.* Give but my boy one bit,  
And the saints sure will look how good you are,  
They will be glad to see you charitable,  
And call it excellent compassion.

*Bra.* No, coming from a Toad 'twill poyson him;

*Boy.* It will not sir, indeed I am so hungry,  
I could eat Rats or Mice.

*Bra.* Your to'ther hair brain,  
Your wild mad Son, retaines my Lord a Prisoner,  
Uses him basely, and you must suffer for't.

*Lady* Give me but Paper, Pen, and Inck, I'll write,  
And charge him to fall down; and lick the dust  
Thy Lord shall set his foot on, I will conjure him:  
And woe away his wildness; by the groans  
I sufferd' for him, I'll threaten his denyall  
With a Mothers family-confounding curse:  
This I will do, or any thing that may  
But purchase my poor Boy one bit of bread.

*Bra* No.

*La.* O harder then the Rocks, more mercilefs  
Then the wild evening Woolf, *falls*

*Boy.* Mother, do not die;  
For heavens sake helpe my Mother; Mother look up  
And ye shall see me dance, and then the Gentleman  
Will sure bestow a piece of bread upon us.

# A Tragedy.

*La.* Look here thou Iron-hearted man; upon  
A pair of piercing miseries.

*Bra.* A Scene of mirth;

I am all hard, the heat of lust which stood  
To clip revenge, we 'steem a stream of blood.

*Boy.* How do ye Mother?

*La.* How doth my Boy?

*Boy.* Very sick indeed; but I warrant you are more hungry  
Then I a great deale, are you, not?

*La.* Oh no,

Thou art weak, and famine plaies the Tyrant with thee;  
Look here my boy, bite on thy Mothers arme,  
The blood will nourish thee.

*Boy.* Will your blood nourish me;

*La.* Yes, yes, I prethee try.

*Boy.* Why should not mine then nourish you? 'tis the same;  
Good Mother eat my arme, bite but a bite,  
Truly I shall hurt you if I bite yours,  
I warrant you'll be better presently.

*La.* I shall my Son, and so shalt thou, come neer me,  
Let us go hand in hand to Heaven.

*Boy.* Oh mother, something pinch'd my very heart,  
And I shal die, my dear, dear mother. *Dyes*

*Lady.* Art thou gone my Son?

My soul shall overtake thee: oh friendly death!  
That gav'st that gripe, sure when thou kil'st the guilty,  
Frowns curle thy angry forehead; but when thou steal'st  
Towards innocence, (their pale fears to beguile) *Enter Brand*  
Thou deck'st thy lean face with a lovely smile *Dyes. reading*

*Bra.* My lord recover'd by the valiant King! a Letter.  
In all his battels he is fortunate,  
And now they shall have meat; ha? meat said I?  
I have made them worms meat;  
Oh what a talking is within me! if I stay,  
The building sure will crush me; I'll haste to'th Court;  
My Lord here intimates the Kings observance of me,  
I must hence; oh guilt, thou draw'st deaths image horrid:  
When we begin to like our ills, how sweet a face hath sin!  
Which but past by, a cheater she appears,

# King John and Matilda.

Joyes are her promise, but she paies us fears. *Exit.*

*Enter Hubert, Queen, Matilda, and a Gentleman.*

*Hub.* Your care in the conveyance of *Matilda*  
To this appointed place, the King shall recompence.  
With-draw your selfe.

*Gent.* I shall my Lord. *Exit.*

*Qu.* *Matilda*, where's that spirit that kept thy vertue  
Valiant and bold?

*Mat.* If vertue so ill pay us;  
Who would be vertuous?

*Hu.* Vertue! pale poverty  
Reproach, disaster, shame sits on her forehead;  
Despisings fill her sleeps; ill-favor'd injuries  
Meet her at every turn; tears are her triumphs;  
Her drink affliction, Calumny attends her,  
The unclean tongue of slander daily licks her  
Out of her fashion; but if you be *King Johns* friend--

*Mat.* Oh strong temptation!

*Qu.* *Matilda*--

*Hub.* You may like  
A nimble wind, play on the ruffling bosome  
Of that Phantastick wood, the world; your sleeps a paradise  
Hung round with glittering dreams; then your dissemblings  
Will be call'd devotions; your ridged cold hypocrisie  
Religions holy heats, mirth decks the Court-daies,  
The wanton minutes glide just like a stream,  
That clips the bosome of a wealthy meade,  
Till't get it great with child; a sweet green blessing.  
Consider, 'tis the King.

*Mat.* I, I, the King.

*Qu.* Trust not this tempter, lust, irreligious linguist,  
Remember vertue is a holy flame,  
A sacred inclination of the soul  
To all things honest.

*Mat.* I can resist no longer,  
Oh *Hubert*! you are a victorious tempter.

*Qu.* Can this be possible?

*Hub.* Forget not, at the beginning  
Of this sweet race, Honor holds out for you.

A golden

## A Tragedy.

A golden Garland.

*Qu.* Oh remember,  
At the end of Chastities white race, an Angel  
Holds in his hand (shot through a silver cloud )  
A Crown for Conquerors.

*Hub.* Will ye lose the pleasure that--

*Mat.* I, I, those pleasures *Hubert*; there is a voice  
Of flesh and frailty in me, that still cries,  
*Matilda* take those pleasures, and I am now  
The Kings for ever.

*Qu.* Let the Queen then cut from earth  
Such a dissembler.

*Offers violence to Matilda.*

*Hub.* Nay, but you shall not.

*Hubert staies her.*

*Qu.* Shame and death dwel  
With a goodness so short-liv'd; Thou handsome Hypocrite,  
Thou faith-defrauder; a religious qualm  
Crossing the stomach of a seeming Saint,  
Which falls straight into humor; all thy devotions  
Prove now but well-clad Cheaters of Times Charity;  
Thy griefs, and sighs, are but sins crafty games,  
Their soon-spent flashes play like holy flames

*Matilda  
and Hubert  
whisper.*

*Hub.* It shal be so: to some remote place, shut  
From the danger of the angry Queen I'll carry you,  
And thither bring the King.

*Mat.* I long to see him.

*Qu.* *Hubert*, wilt thou play the Court Camelion?  
The perfum'd Pander.

*Hub.* Yes marry will I, Panders have need of perfumes.

*Qu.* Oh merry sin!  
We smile towards Hell, but howl when we are in,  
*Hub.* Name but the place Madam, and religiously I vow,  
By th'unstain'd honor of my Name and House,  
By the white reputation of a Gentleman,  
And as I wish for after happiness, my care  
Shall see it instantly in execution.

*Mat.* My Cousin *Bruce*, Earl *Richmond*, with the convoy,  
The King discomfited, they would madly have carried me  
To *Dunmow* Abbey in fruitful *Essex*.

*Hub.* S'foot a thousand Kings

Could



## King John and Matilda.

Could not thence recover ye, but name the place  
Whither I shall carry you, good Madam whicher?

*Mat.* Good *Hubert* thither,

*Falls on her knees.*

*Hub.* What to a Monastery?

*Qu.* Call her dissembling

No sinne good heaven, for she is still a Saint,

*Mat.* Upon my knee I begge it, and every day  
When I shall drop a Bead, I le strongly pray  
That you may find a blessing.

*Qu.* Hark *Hubert*,

*Hub.* There is something tells me there is honour in it,  
To grant her good request,

*Mat.* Mark how your Oath ran;  
By the honour of your House,  
By the white reputation of a Gentleman,  
And as you wish for after happiness,  
You'd put my wish in speedy execution.  
Oh *Hubert* mark! he his house pulls down,  
That wounds his honour, though to please a Crown:  
By *Herauld*'s he's a Gentleman maintain'd,  
Whose reputations whiteness stands unstain'd,  
And he in after happiness stands high,  
That dares not act a sin by sovereignty.

*Hub.* Excellent Oratory!

*Qu.* *Hubert.* For truths sake,

*Mat.* Oh *Hubert*, for the glorious Crown of chastity,

*Qu.* For the victorious Palme of Wedlock-faith,

*Mat.* By the immaculate souls of holy Maids,

*Qu.* And by the unstain'd truth of honest wives

*Mat.* By the tears of Virgins,

*Qu.* By the truth of vertue,

*Mat.* Oh now to honour *Hubert* give thy name,  
Sweet blooming vertue knows no blush of shame,

*Hub.* The rareness of your souls has ravish'd me,  
Wee'l change our course, steer through bridge, and so  
For *Essex* and for *Dunmow*, victorious Maid,  
Rhetorick is poor in thy praise, whom a King,  
Nor sovereignty, (the soul of womens longings,)  
Cannot corrupt! — Oh women! Men-subduers!

Natures

# A Tragedy.

Natures extreams ! no mean is to be had !  
Excellent Good, or infinitely bad !

*Ambo.* Most noble *Hubert*,

*Exeunt.*

Enter *King*, *Fitzwater*, *Chester* and *Oxford*.

*K.* 'Twas well yet that the trick has catch'd this old one,  
Where are the rest ?

*Chest.* *Richmond* is gone for *France*,  
*Leister* escap'd to *Windsor*.

*K.* How I thirst  
To make mine arms wealthy with sweet *Matilda*.

*Fitz.* Oh if a Fathers prayers, an old mans tears,  
An injur'd old mans tears, were ever prevalent,  
Good heaven keep my Girl a Christall Fort,  
Firme and unvanquish'd.

*K.* *Hubert* my friend now has her :  
Will it please the mighty Emperor of the Barrons ;  
The King may kiss *Matilda*, she will be here presently,  
Then shall the great *Fitzwater* sit in state,  
And see *Matilda* and the poor King dallie,  
And teach the winds to wanton : *Hubert* now has her,  
The faithful'st of my friends, from contrarieties  
We will produce soft pleasures, sweet perfect'ons ;  
*Sirrah*, *Chester* shall tel me when she then frowns, and  
Wee'l Court her cheeks into a comely smile ;  
If she but raise that milkie hill, her breast,  
With respirations, *Oxford* shall swear  
It is a sigh, and I will seem to chide  
His rashness, and protest love rais'd that gale,  
Just as her heart for my heart had set sale.

*Fitz.* Hear heaven !

*K.* *Chester* shall watch her when she weeps, and tel me  
They are *Matilda's* tears, when I will presently  
With a lovers pleasing fervency, protest  
They are are Pearls, by passion forc'd from *Cupids* Chest.

*Ox.* But what shall *Hubert* do,  
Your bosome friend ?

*Ki.* He shall with pritty-thwarting passages  
( To please *Matilda*, ) seem to make me angry,  
And tell me 'tis impossible now to obtain her ;

Whereupon

# King John and Matilda.

Whereupon ( impatient, to illustrate love  
With a new passion ) oh how I will rave!  
Mistake him strangely, and close up the Scène  
Upon Matilda's lip

*Enter a Gentleman,*

*Gent.* Letters from th'Earl Hubert Sir.

*K.* His name but now

( Like a beloved passenger, ) took leave  
Of my unwilling lips ; he waits directions  
Concerning her from me ; good *Chester* read it ,  
I cannot read and rejoice too ; *Fitzwater* ,  
Listen, and rave *Chester* reads.

Letter. May it please your excellent Majestie , it hath pleas'd  
heaven so thoroughly to captivate my reason , by the potent pleadings  
of your vertuous Queen, and unmatch'd Matilda , that I hold it  
now impossible for your Majestie ever to obtain her,

*K.* Ha !

*Fitz.* That last was musick.

*K.* Nay kill us all, kill us all ; will ye read on Sir,

*Let.* Briefly, by that time these Letters kiss your Royal hands, she  
will be cloister'd up in Dunmow Abbey, and end her days a Vestal ;  
whither I could not chuse but convey her, being thereunto forcibly  
charmed by her tears and entreaties, and especially forc'd by a secret  
command from heaven to mine own conscience ; I remain your most  
excellent Majesties transgressing servant,

*Hubert.*

*K.* Most excellent villain !

*Fitz.* Observe King John, e're heaven will virtue fail,  
Contrary means, all winds shal fill her sail.

*Cheft.* How like a Hare, the Greyhounds chap's still at her,  
Yet still she escapes ! the King is ful of tempest.

*K.* She's gone for ever.

Oh *Hubert* ! let us never meet again,  
Nevermore meet ; *Fitzwater*, fetch her but back,  
As from the first, so from this *Isabel*  
Wee'l be divorc'd, marry and set *Matilda*  
I'th regal Chair, the Kings admired Mistress.

*Fitz.* But will ye say and do Sir ?

*K.* Yet there is hope ; now by my Crown,  
We shal be Son and Father, thou and I  
Will walke upon our Pallace battlements,

*And*

## A Tragedy.

Will walke upon our Pallace battlements;  
And thou shalt carry up a covetous eye,  
And thou shalt cast that covetous eye about  
The fair, delightful village-spotted valleyes;  
Thou shalt stand still, and think, and recollect  
The troubl'd longings of thy large desires,  
And whatsoever thou shalt aske the King,  
(Of all thou see'st) the King shall give it thee.

*Fitz.* Well, let one ride before, and certifie  
That we are comming.

*K.* *Chester*, put on wings; *To himself.*

Thou good old man, the bird that croak'd now sings. *Exeunt.*

### Actus 5. Scena 1

Enter King and *Fitzwater*, *Oxford* meeting them.

*K.* These are the Abby walls, *Oxford* what news?

*Ox.* *Matilda* is afraid to venture forth,  
But on yon battlements it was her promise, *Enter Abbeß* and  
With the Lady *Abbeß* to appear—and see Sir, *Matilda* above.

*K.* Give us leave: Oh were that habite  
Not so unkind a foe to fair increase,  
I'de call it then celestial, and swear  
A bright star mov'd in that immaculate spheare:  
*Matilda!* Mistress of many Graces!  
And lovely as the blush that breaks the day!  
Cast thy commanding eyes upon a King,  
Whom love hath made a begger;

*Ab.* Why hunts the King  
With such a violent pursuit, a chaste Dove,  
That hath given up her name to heaven, and stands  
White as her spotless vesture,

*Fitz.* Lady *Abbeß*,  
Pray give me leave, and hearken my *Matilda*,  
I bring thee golden news my Girl, we have cast  
An ill-becoming Calamnie upon  
The Kings love all this while; for he protests  
To be divorc'd from *Isabel* the Queen,



# King John and Matilda.

And by marriage set thee in his Bed,  
A plant to spring and prosper; women naturally  
Do affect sovereignty; wilt thou run retrograde  
In this fair Zodiack; though all ways yet  
Have fail'd, this will take I am sure. *To the King.*

*Mat.* Who hath taught my Father  
To turn Apostate to that integrity  
Slept in his noble breast? through a divorce  
I run to golden ruine; the King marry me?

*K.* And make thee Queen of him and two large Kingdoms;  
The Christian world when they shall hear, shall wonder,  
And magnifie in their abundant praises,  
The glory of our Marriage.

*Mat.* Oh my Lord! here I can call necessity,  
Excellent Physick for a vast desire,  
Our wants are holy waters, cast on lust's fire.

*Fitz.* Oh brave, brave Girl!  
That I had thee here to buss thee,  
Her very breath did smell of heaven.

*K.* Matilda!

*Fitz.* I have found thee Gold my Girl!  
These are glorious wrestlings,  
Celestial strugglings; passion of me, that joy  
Should carry April eyes. *weeps*

*K.* Matilda, Look upon thy sovereign courting  
Thy cruelty with a pair of wooing eyes,  
Labouring for mercy.

*Fitz.* No, no, Matilda, look upon thy sovereigne  
Thy chastity with tempting wanton eyes,  
Labouring in lust.

*K.* Thou man of rude defects, let me alone.

*Fitz.* Thou man of wild desires, let me alone.

*K.* Ha!

*Fitz.* Tut, tut, I know whose Cause I have in hand,  
And neither ha's nor hems can fright plain Robin,  
The wound that foolish Love-Boy there (what call ye him;) *Life*  
Had struck your heart with, because your smooth tongue,  
You could not come to supple it, as the Dogge does his foot,  
With fair fine words you could lick me, and then

## A Tragedy.

Lift me to stroak it, and heal it by Arutrney :  
He steers not steddy that delights to roame,  
Craft sets out swift, but ever comes short home:  
*I tell ye truth I.*

*K. Abbeß* deliver up *Matilda* ,  
Or with an Army fill'd with Ruffians, Ravishers,  
The very Sons of darkness ; we will levell  
This building to the bottom ,

*A.* We know the King,  
( Being reconcil'd unto his mother Church, )  
Cannot conceive such out-rage, *Appears passionate*  
*Fitz.* Now ye stamp , do ye.

*Mat.* Father farewell, and to my Lord my King,  
The service of his most obsequious Hand-maid;  
And good your Majestie be pleas'd to remember,  
How excellently-admirable your Crown  
Will then become ye, when you shall cast off  
The habite of your passions, *I will pray for you Sir,*  
And if't be possible with prayers and tears,  
Quench your desires, and fortifie my fears.

*Exit.* A Fathers blessing, like a welcome cloud  
With child of friendly showers hover o'rethy goodness,  
And keep ever green—; she is gone sir

*K.* Go thou and run into the Sea.

*Fitz.* Ha, ha, So the the great Emperour of the Barons,  
As you call'd him,

May come out again i'th guts of a poor John :  
No, no, *I will live and laugh; you would have made her*  
*The mistress of the King, and she is married*  
*To the Kings Master; oh to the noblest King*  
*Poor suplicant ever kneel'd to, to your King,*  
*And her King, and to my King she's married ;*  
*Oh married, married, the Satyres dance it ,*  
*The sweet Birds sing it let the winds be wanton,*  
*And as they softly with an evening whisper ,*  
*Steal through the curl'd locks of the lofty woods;*  
*Let them in their sweet language seem to say,*  
*This, this was chaste Matilda's Marriage day.*

*K.* Jet's resolv'd irrevocable; who waits?

*Exit Fitz.*  
*Enter Chester*  
*Chest.*

# King John and Matilda.

*Ches.* Sir ?

*Enter Confessor.*

*K.* Have an eye upon that Fox ; where's our Confessor ?

*Con.* Attending Sir.

*R.* Your ear--do this,

*Con.* I shall Sir.

*B.* And hark you, without all expostulation, speedily  
Make *Brand* the Instrument.

*Con.* I shall not fail Sir.

*Exit.*

*K.* All my blood turns, she is now past all recovery ;  
Oh day draw in thy light, Time do not keep  
This Deed for story ; Memory fall asleep  
In black oblivions Cavern ; let this day  
Still skip the Kalend, and be wip'd away  
From all discourse ; oh let no chaste Maid  
( Remembring how *Matilda* was betrai'd, )  
With bitter tears, curse the too cruell king ;  
No Satyr dance this day, no sweet bird sing ;  
But let the Raven and Screech-Owl cry,  
*Matilda* the chaste Maid must this day dye *Exit.*

*Enter Brand and the Abbeß reading a Letter.*

*Lett.* Madam, These are to give you to understand, that instantly, and without any the least expostulation, you see convey'd into the outward garden adjoyning to the Abby, your new Votary *Matilda*, that the bearer ( this Gentleman ) may without the least interception, have freedom of access unto her ; let this from me be your safety, and forget not, the wills of Princes are indisputable.---

*Fulstace Confessor to his Majesty*

*Ab.* No, no, no cloud of niceness, order, or regularity,  
Must intercept this Mandate ; Sir, the Kings will,  
The confessors advertizement, and your hopes,  
Shall meet this minute ; but vertue is I hope  
The Rudder of your voyage.

*Bra.* I tell you Madam, is unsported truth,  
The King is chang'd so excellent, such a lover  
Now of *Matilda's* noble constancy,  
That therefore ( as his Confessor there certifies, )  
Your duty is expected.

*To*

## A Tragedy.

To work my admittance to her, which is onely  
To let her know, how heartily his Majestie  
Admires and commends her.

*Ab.* Tis a joyfull hearing, *Enter Matilda.*  
See where she walks; souls so heavenly simple,  
It seems the Court digests not, and (being cloy'd)  
Commends them to to the Cloyster.

*Bra.* And she be so simple,  
She's the fitter for the Saints; things J ne're think of,  
Unless to stuffe our similies—Excellent Lady!  
There's such a deal of heaven in her face,  
It makes my black soul tremble—Excellent Lady.

*Ma.* Your will Sir.

*Bra.* To let you understand the will of him,  
Whose will the will of heaven hath new made;  
Thus said King *John* in brief, Tel that sweet Saint  
(And there he wept as I do at the thought on't)  
The immaculate Mistresse of my dear devotions.  
The King by this (with her eye not unacquainted)  
Commends to her his hate of all that love,  
The feaver of his blood contaminated:  
Oh tell her (and he sigh'd there bitterly.)  
That as J was her tempter, I am now  
Mine own dispiser; as mine own dispiser,  
J will remain her vertues strong admirer;  
And there just thus he kist it--if't chance, quoth he,  
Her gentle lip return the Kings chaste meaning,  
Mark but which place of this (then happy) Glove  
Receives that heavenly print; and bring it back,  
That my lips there (like a pair of willing Pilgrims)  
May pay my hearts devotions. This was all;  
And this, his Glove, the Token.

*Mat.* Excellent Change!

Heaven now hath heard my prayers, return his goodness;  
J am sorry thou hast kist the Glove before me,  
For fear thy lips have lay'n where the Kings did,  
And cozen'd mine of that grace fell from them  
When he spake things thus good: Give me the Glove.

*Bra.*



# King John and Matilda.

Bra. Ha!

Mat. Thy looks made me believe,  
That some were coming.

Bra. No Madam, I have cozen'd you,  
'Twas but the wind.

Mat. No wind shall keep my duty from his Majesty,

With my observance; say thus, I return'd

My love of his great goodness; and if he ask thee

How I receiv'd the news of his rare change,

Say, As a teeming soil after a drought

Welcomes a wish'd for shower: what a strange sent

Strongly beats up into my brains, whilst I hold this Glove

So near my breast! thou art not honest sure?

Bra. Near death we prophesie, and 'tis so sure,

You cannot breath three minutes,

Mat. Ha!

Bra. 'Tis neatly done, and there's no dallying,

I know 'tis strong and swift; as by a Glove

You were carried from your Fathers to this Cloyster,

So by a Glove you are from this Cloyster sent

To the chaste Court of Saints.

Mat. Heaven! is this right?

Bra. No, 'twas a left-handed Glove; look ye,

I kist the right, and cozen'd you;

So that a sinister act with a left-handed Glove, very prettily

Imports a wittyness in wickedness.

Mat. Thou art a merry murderer, the King was wont

To call me Friend; Oh! if he bestows

On's Friends such gifts, what sends he to his Foes?

Uncharitable love-token; Oh what harsh hand

Temper'd this dram of death!

Bra. I could do't no better.

Mat. Merciless man, Tygers to thee are tame;

Oh cozening Crocodile, that with thy tears couldst take me!

How wilt thou howl

When thou and I meet next? when I shall sit

Above my sufferings, then will my blood be

A cloud betwixt eternity and thee.

Bra. Clouds? yes, much clouds.

Mat.

## A Tragedy.

*Mat.* There was the last call; to the King commend me,  
And tell him, when in stories he shall stand,  
When men shall read the Conquerors great name,  
Voluptuous *Rufus*, that unkind brother *Beauclark*,  
Comely King *Stephen*, *Henry* the Wedlock-breaker,  
And Lion-hearted *Richard*; when they come  
Unto his name, with sighs it shall be said,  
*This was King John---*the murderer of a *Maid*:  
Oh tell him I am past his strong temptations!  
And though wild burning back'd his hot desire,  
Like perfect Gold I did out-live the fire.

*Lies.*

*Bra.* Shee's dead, and I must shift for one,  
I hear some trampling;  
What's he has leap'd the Garden walls? has a wenching look,  
And should be a good Vaultier; guilty knaves make excellent  
Eves-droppers, and I love to sound strange bosoms, I will lye  
To see and hear, and yet not heard nor seen. *stands aside.*

*T. Bru.* Here rumor gives, my Cousin, chaste *Matsilda*  
To live a Votary: Ha! on the ground!  
Murder'd most certainly, and so warm, that yet  
The Murderer at my approach, may lurk  
About the Garden, for through the Abbey 'tis  
Impossible to pass; Oh my griev'd blood,  
Who made it so unfortunate to be good.

*Bra.* He mumbles something to himself.

*T. Bru.* This parallels my Mother and my Brother:  
Ha! something stirs i'th Grove; passion I know thee not,  
With a new Art we must catch old Blood-hounds: Well,  
Although I am the Kings well-wishing friend,  
And have rais'd Forces for his part at *Windsor*,  
Yet with my heart I am glad a friendly hand  
Hath made thee happy.

*Bra.* S'foot this is one of our side,  
But it seems he knows not 'twas the Kings injunction.

*T. Bru.* Now business will be minded, State-affairs  
With vigilance effected, which before  
Were so intangled in your hair forsooth,  
Suiters could find no end of their beginnings.

*Bra.* By this Light I have done a good deed.

*T. Bru.*

# King John and Matilda.

*Y. Bru.* Thou honest soul,  
That (by the heat of thy happy handy-work,)  
Canst not I am sure but be in hearing; If  
My irregular start ( upon private necessity )  
Frighted thee off, be not asham'd to let  
Thy unknown friend possesse thee,

*Bra.* Oh brave young spark.

*Y. Bru.* Or if thy modesty must keep thee off,  
So well I love thy work (and as I the Kingdom)  
Let this Purse of Gold, this Diamond fasten'd to't,  
Tell thee thy friend was here, if thou'ldst know him,  
He is a kinsman to the Earl of *Chester*;  
And because thou shalt not doubt thy friends *sair* meanings,  
J will return the way J came, although  
With danger to my person.

*Ira.* Here is one Sir, wishes better to his friends.

*Y. Bru.* What art thou? *Shewes himself.*

*Bra.* One that will take your honourable Purse,  
And yet passe quit at the Common Law.

*Y. Bru.* Wert thou the expert Master of this peece?

*Bra.* You being kinsman to my Lord and Master,  
(Who ever hated this blood;) I dare tell you,  
J practis'd first a businesse late at *Windsor*,  
Upon a Mother and her Sonne? —

*Y. Bru.* Hold heart, old *Bruces*. Lady,  
And the Brat her Sonne?  
Wer't thou the happy instrument

To cut these Houses down? didst thou do that?

*Bra.* It would deserve (well priz'd) another Purse Sir,

*Y. Bru.* Gold must not part us, didst do't?

*Bra.* Both that and this, by this hand Sir.

*Y. Bru.* Sonne of the Devill have J found thee?

*Bra.* Sure he knows me.

*Y. Bru.* Fool, dost thou draw a sword;  
What a loud lye thou dost give heaven, to think  
A sword can shield the guilty: Look here villain  
Upon my horrid point, where death in tempest  
And whirle-winds stares upon thee: thou murderer  
Of my Mother, Brother, and my Kinswoman.

*Gives him  
more Gold.*

*Bra.*



# A Tragedy

*Bra.* S'foot, here was a Purse with a bob at the end on't;  
Pray take your Purse again.

*T. Bru.* Toad, I will take thy heart first.

*Bra.* I deny nothing then.

Resolution crowns my trait; for those *at Windsor*  
(Let me free the King) I smite them, because

Your Mother was too coy, you may guess the rest;

For this it was King *John's* injunction,

And I have done it daintily by this light.

*T. Bru.* By darkness and her Angels,

Thy near kinsmen,

Thou shalt not live five minutes for't.

*They fight, Brand  
falls, young Bruce keeps him down.*

*Bra.* O fir! what mean ye?

*T. Bru.* To aske thee for a Mother, a sweet Brother,

A chaste kinswoman; oh that thou couldst be

Ten dayes a dying; Slave! I'll lick thy Trunk

So thick with wounds, it shall appear a Book

Full of red Letters,

Characters of thy cruelty

*Stabs him.*

*Bra.* This is no bleeding moneth Sir.

*Bru.* Thou lyest, look yonder;

There lyes mine Almanack, a celestiall body,

*Points to Ma-*

Whose revolution, period, pale aspect,

*tilda's Coarse*

All tell me 'tis high time that thou shouldst bleed,

*Stabs*

*Bra.* Oh.

*T. Bru.* Thy veins are all corruption,

Toads belch not fouler;

And should thy Trunk be thrown upon a dunghill,

(As it deserves no better buriall)

The sent would poyson swine, the very dogs

Would with howlings fly as from a mid-night fiend;

And every Raven that should feast upon't,

Would seek forsaken Deserts, and there die

Full of infection.

*Stabs*

*Bra.* Oh that last has finish't me,

And where I go I know not, a bloody Cloud;

Hath hid heaven from me like a purple shroud.

*Dyes.*

*T. Bru.* Pray thou the Crows,

*H*

*This*



# King John and Matilda,

This body i'll convey to *Windsor*, where my Mother;  
And my sweet murder'd Brother, we'll expose  
(As spurs of righteous vengeance) to all eyes;  
Conscience, and Blood, are strong incessant cries.

*Exit.*

Enter *King* and *Lords* below, old *Bruce*, *Leister*,  
*Oxford* and *Fitzwater* above.

*Charge.*

*K.* You Sons of death and disobedience;  
Why is the King kept out?

*Ol. Bru.* You shall know Sir;  
Is't not enough the whole Lands Liberties  
Lye yet a gasping by your head strong passions,  
Wounded by your neglect? but through blood  
D'ee chase your desires, my Wife and Son Sir.

*K.* Again as we are Prince, in our Royall word,  
The villain past our precept.

*Ol. Bru.* As you past heavens  
In your bloody masquing night at *Baynards Castle*,  
When all the floores, and the white wall wore bloody  
Deep crimson blushes, to behold a Prince  
In blood pursue his passions.

*K.* Bar'd out and brav'd  
You bait and chase a Lyon; bring old *Fitzwater*  
Thou *Bruce*, and grumbling *Leister*; either speedily  
Give up the Castle, and upon your knees  
Fall to the mercy you have scorn'd, or here  
Before a pair of minutes passe, the sword  
Of incens'd justice shall even in your eyes  
Leave this old Rebel headless.

*Fitz.* Now by the blood  
I lost in holy *Palestine* with *Richard*,  
Oh that right real Souldier! King *John* I swear,  
That foul-word Rebel has unrivited  
The bars of reason, and made me very angry;  
Is it to take truths part to be a Rebel?  
To ease my groaning Country, is that Rebellion?  
To preserve the unstain'd honour of a Maid  
(And that maid my daughter) to preserve your glory,  
That you stand not branded in our Chronicles,  
By the black name of *Wedlock breaker*; is this

(Good

*Alfred King*  
( Good, heaven! ) is this Rebellion? Come, come, the Axes  
Oh that wrong'd soul to death so safely given, *Eni. Monbray*  
Flies sweetly singing her own truth to heaven.

*Mow.* Stand on your guard Sir,  
Young *Bruce* with twenty thousand  
Strong able men from *Cambridge* and *Essex*;  
With a speedy march, and with as dreadful threatnings,  
Comes thundering towards *Windsor*, all his Ensigns  
Crimson and black: which in their wanton wavings,  
Cry to the frighted Country (as he marches)  
Nothing but blood and death.

*Ol. Bru.* Oh noble Son of a murdered Mother.

*Leif.* Honourable young man.

*K.* Draw up our forces like a pair of angry winds,  
That have got a hollow Cloud with child of tempests,  
Wee'l make the valleys tremble.

*Enter Chester*

*Chest.* Resist now Sir,  
Or the whole Kingdome trembles: *Leifs* the *Dolphine*,  
By th'politique working of ingenious *Richmond*,  
( Who was sent for him ) with six hundred sayle,  
And fourscore Flat-boats is let in at *Dover*,  
Subduing as they march, and the Towns willingly  
Giving them away: they have reach'd *Rocheſter*,  
And if a speedy swift prevention meet not,  
They will for *London* certainly.

*Leif.* Now *John* thy Crown sits quivering.

*Chest.* These here so resolute---

*Mow.* Young *Bruce* so potent---

*Oxf.* And which strikes deep, a factions forraign foot  
Upon our earth, 'tis a dangerous triplicity;  
So that our Forces were they three times trebl'd,  
( Distracted with a division thus triangular )  
Cannot promise safety.

*K.* Take it in Time, for now

The goodliest Oak in the whole wood must bow.

*Fitz.* Oh that was very well said sir, nor shall ye bow  
But unto heaven and vertue: for Kings have boasted  
To be her servants, oh In this tempest Sir,  
Give her the helme, good brother *Bruce*, the King

# King John and Matilda.

Has faithfully acquitted him of the blood  
Of your Wife and Sonne; *Leister*, the King now looks  
Upon his passions with a displeased eye,  
Trust to our faiths sir, give the Land her Liberties,  
And do but look upon my poor *Matilda*.

*K.* Oh, oh.

*Fitz.* With Kingly chafte eyes, and a holy soul;  
My brother shall command his Sonne to obedience;  
*Leister* and he shall give ye up the Castle;  
We will call *Richmond* with his powers from *Levis*  
We will be all one soul again, and force  
The skipping *French* to put to Sea again,  
And you shall stand a King then absolute;  
Good brother *Leister*, Sir, upon my knee,  
I urge your goodness now; shall we still stand  
And chain our freedoms to a forraign hand?  
When we thus see Rocks, then we safely sayle.  
Good, good, King *John*, let the old man prevaile.

*K.* Oh *Chester* run to *Dumow*, and if *Brana* yet  
Have kept his hand white, bid that *Brana* forbear  
For fear of burning everlastingly.

*Chest.* I shall Sir.

*K.* *Mowbray*, with the bendings of the King  
Go meet that angry young man *Bruce*, and tell him,  
Here's now no use for Steele.

*Mow.* 'Twill be good news Sir.

*K.* Meet us at least (you stubborn men)  
In our facile affections;  
Why send ye not for *Richmond*? must we bend  
And beseech too?

*Leist.* Passe but your Royall promise  
In the words of a King, to perform what  
Y'are fled from, the wind nor with more swiftness,  
Shall fly to play with *Richmonds* lolly Plume  
Then she be shown in his repeal.

*K.* 'Tis granted upon our Kingly word---that time in me,  
shall read that Giants force necessity.

*Ol. Bru.* With all submissive reverence we descend,  
And kisse your Highness hand.

*Fitz.*



# A Tragedy.

**Fitz.** Right happy day,  
My Girl is safe, and all clouds blown away. *Exeunt from the walls.*

*Hoboyes sound, whilst the Barons descend, each on his knee kissing the Kings hand, both Parties joyfully embrace; suddenly the Hoboyes cease, and a sad Musick of Flutes heard. Enter to the King and Lords, the Lady Abbess, ushering Matilda's Horse, born by Virgins, this Motto fastned into it--- To Piety and Chastity; The Body of Matilda lying on the Horse, and attended by the Queen, bearing in her hand a Garland, compos'd of Roses and Lillies; after her young Bruce, Hubert, Chelsters, and other Gentlemen, all in mourning Habits.*

## The SONG in Parts

1. **L**ook what Death hath done! here laid  
(In one) a Martyr, and a Maid.

2. Angels Crown those with just applause,  
Dye in defence of Virtues Laws.

Chorus { Such was her cause! Death! boast not of thy hands  
Cruelty, since the vanquish'd quiver stands.

1. Her Chastity to time shall last,  
Like Laurel, which no Lightning can blast.

2. Sweet Maids with Roses deck her Horse,  
Whose Virtue stands above the reach of Verse.

Chorus { Heaven bith her pure part, whilst on Earth, her Name  
Moves in the Sphere of a resplendent Fame.

**K.** Hubert, interpret this Apparition.

**Hub.** Behold sir,  
A sad writ Tragedy so feelingly,  
Languag'd, and cast, with such a crafty cruelty,  
Contriv'd and acted, that wild Savages,  
Satyrs, and the rude rabble of the woods,  
Would weep to lay their ears to, and (admiring  
To see themselves out-done) they would conceive  
Their wildnesse, mildness to this deed, and call



# King John and Matilda.

Men more then Savage, themselves rational;  
And thou *Fitzwater*, reflect upon thy name,  
And turn the sonne of tears; oh forget  
That *Cupid* ever spent a dart upon thee,  
That *Hymen* ever coupled thee, or that ever  
The hasty, happy, willing messenger,  
Told thee thou hadst a Daughter; oh look here,  
Look here King *John*, and with a trembling eye,  
Read your sad act, *Matilda's* Tragedy.

*Om. Matilda!*

*Fitz.* By the labouring soul of a much injur'd man,  
It is my childe *Matilda*.

*Qu.* Oh cruell King, go fate thy bloody eye  
With thy black command, which there lyes executed,

*Ol. Bru.* Sweet Neece,

*Leis.* Chaste soule,

*T. Br.* King, go and read thy cruelty.

*K.* Do I stirre *Chester*?

Good *Oxford*, do I move? stand I not still  
To watch when the griev'd friends of dead *Matilda*,  
Will with a thousand stab turn me to dust?  
That in a thousand preys they may be happy;  
Will no one do't? then give a mourner room,  
A man of tears; oh immaculate *Matilda*,  
These shed but sayling heat-drops, missing showers,  
The faint dews of a doubtful April morning;  
But from mine eyes, ship-sincking Cataracts,  
Whole clouds of waters, wealthy exhalations  
Shall fall into the Sea of my affliction,  
Till it amaze the Mourners.

*Hub.* Unmatch'd *Matilda*,  
Celestiall Souldier that keep'st a Fort of Chastity  
Gainst all temptations.

*Fitz.* Not to be a Queen  
Would she break her chaste vow, truth crowns your need,  
Unmatch'd *Matilda* was her name indeed.

*K.* Oh take into your spirit-piercing praise,  
My Scene of sorrow; I have well-clad woes,  
Pathetick speeches to illustrate passion,

And

*Tragedy.*

...the tears so sweetly from all these,  
shall touch the soule, and at once pierce and please.

*Chor.* What will he doe? *The Ki. takes the Garland from the Queen, and peruses the Motto of the Herse.*

*K.* To Piety and Purity, and Lillies mixt with Roses  
How well you have apparell'd woe, this pendant  
To Piety and purity directed,

Insinuates a chaste soul in a clean body:

Vertues white Virgin, Chastities red Martyr,

Suffer me then with this well-suited wreath,

To make our griefs ingenious, let all be dumb,

While the King speaks her Epicedium,

*Chor.* His very soul speaks sorrow,

*Ol.* And it becomes him sweetly.

*K.* Hail Maid and Martyr! loe on thy breast,

Devotions Alter, chaste truths chest,

I offer (as my guilt imposes)

To thy merits Laurel, Lillies and Roses:

Lillies intimating plain,

Thy immaculate life stuck with no stain;

Roses red, and sweet, to tell

How sweet red sacrifices smell; *Sets the Garland on her breast.*

Hang round then as you walk about this Herse,

The songs of holy hearts, sweet, vertuous verse.

*Fitz.* Bring Persian silks to deck her Monument

*K.* Arabian spices quick'ning by their sent

*Fitz.* Numidian Marble to preserve her praise

*K.* Corinthian Ivory her sweet shape to raise,

*Fitz.* And write in gold upon it, in this breast

Virtue fate Mistress, passion but a guest;

*K.* Vertue is sweet, and since griefs bitter be,

Strew her with Roses, and give Rue to me,

*Ol. Bru.* My noble brother, I have lost a Wife and Son,

You a sweet Daughter; look on the Kings penitance,

His promise for the Kingdomes peace, prefer

A publique benefit. When it shall please,

Let heaven question him, let us secure,

And quit the Land of *Lewis.*

*Fitz.* Do any thing:

Do

# King John and Matilda

Do all things that are honorable; and the great  
 Make you a good King, Sir; and when your soul  
 Shall at any time reflect upon your follies,  
 Good King John weep, weep very heartily.  
 It will become you sweetly; at your eyes  
 Your sin stole in; there pay your sacrifice  
 K. Back unto *Dunmow Abby*, where weel  
 To sweet *Matilda's* memory, and her sufferings  
 A monthly Obsequie, which (sweetned by  
 The wealthy woes of a tear-troubl'd eye)  
 Shall by those sharp afflictions of my face,  
 Court Mercy, and make Grief arrive at Grace.  
 Let my wil'd errors tell to time this truth;  
 Whilst passion holds the Helm, Reason and Honor  
 Do suffer wrack; but they sail safe, and clear,  
 Who constantly by Virtues Compass steer.

## SONG.

1. **M**atilda! now go take thy Bed  
 In the dark dwellings of the dead,

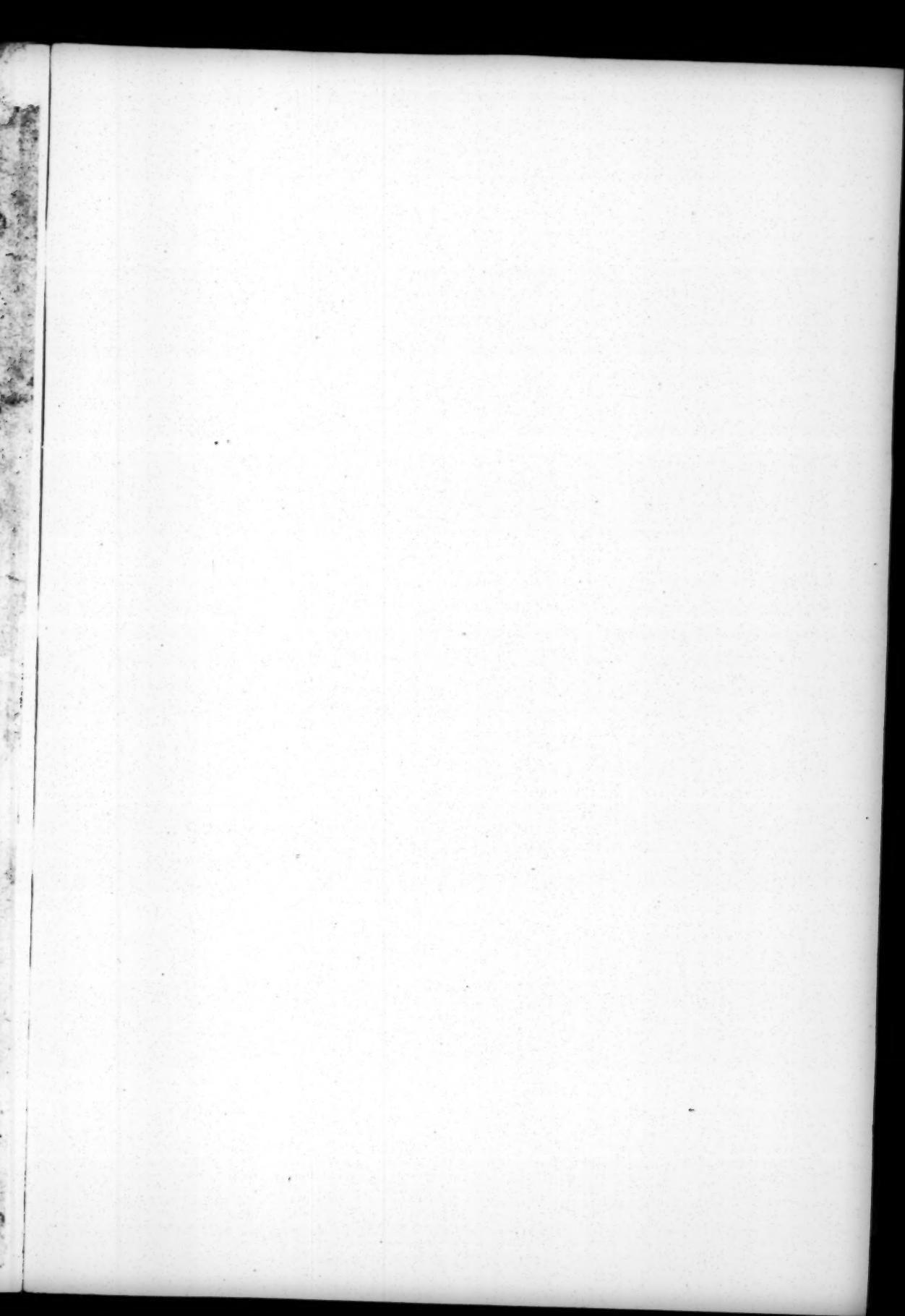
2. And rise in the great Waking-day,  
 Sweet as Incense, fresh as May.

1. Rest thou chaste soul, (fixt in thy proper sphere,)  
 Amongst heavens fair Ones; All are fair ones there.

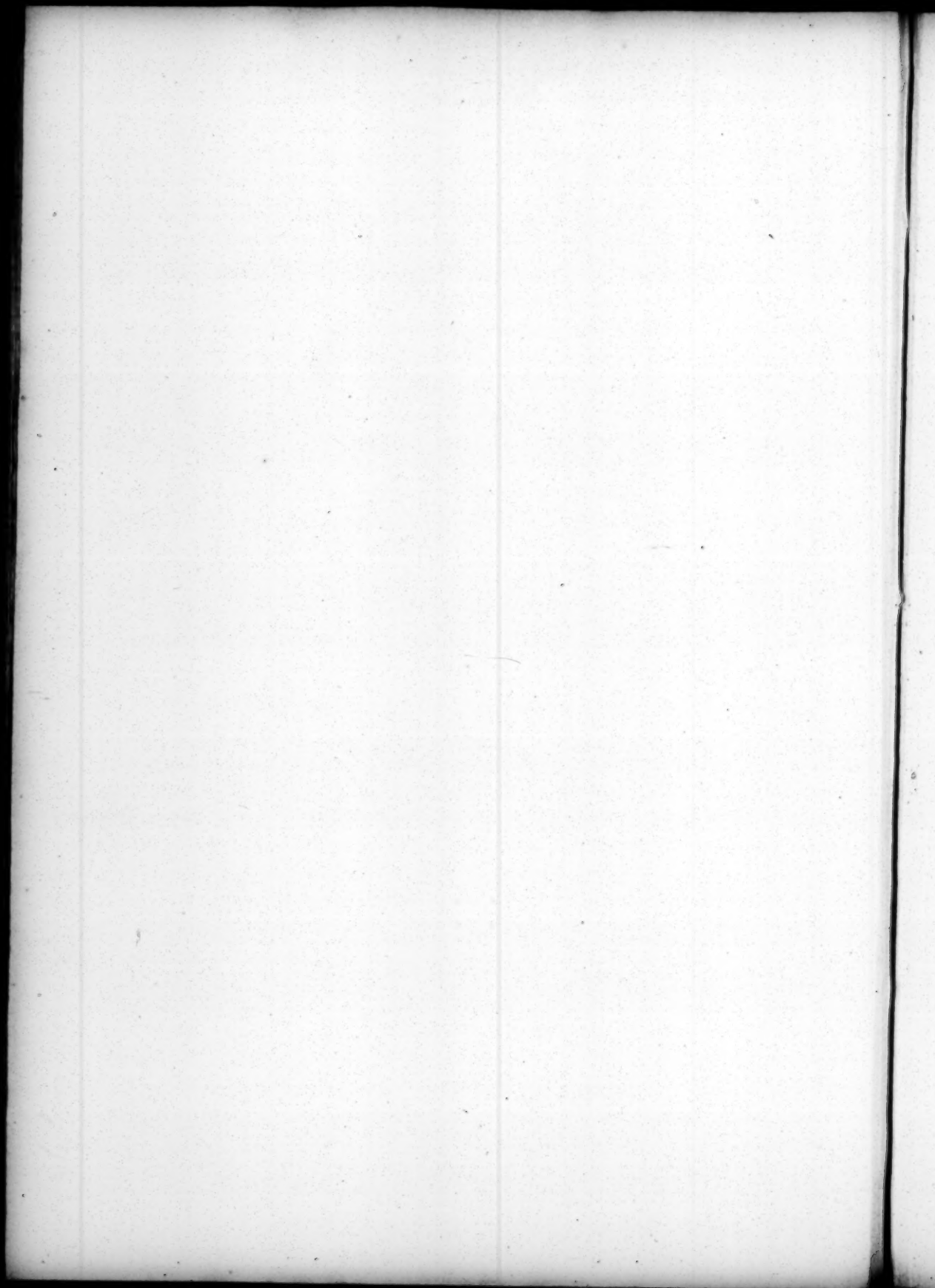
Chorus { Rest there chaste soul, whilst we (here troubl'd) say  
 Time gives us Griefs, Death takes our joys away

Freunt Omnes

FINIS.







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